SELINA,

A NOVEL,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY A LADY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

——— Is there not a hand,
Which operates unseen, and regulates
The vast machine we tread on? DR. HURDIS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. LAW, AVEMARIA-LANE,

BY BYE AND LAW, ST. JOHN'S-SQUARE, CLERKENWELL.

1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

FOR a new writer to enter the liſts for public applauſe in a ſpecies of compoſition, wherein few, among a hoſt of competitors, have been ſucceſsful, may perhaps, by ſome, be thought a raſh and inconſiderate daring; and the futility of the attempt may probably juſtify their cenſures. Many motives, however, might be aſſigned, ſufficient to impel the moſt diffident, to appear in a character ſo preſumptuous; if it be preſumption in a *nameleſs* writer, to hope for approbation, when

when the pleaſure, that approbation gives, muſt of neceſſity be ſolitary, or confined at moſt to the very few, to whom the writer, and the motives by which ſhe is actuated, are known.

To aim at excellence, which few who read are able to appreciate, and fewer willing to admit;—to taſk the imagination to ſupply incidents, and character, and ſentiment, and the judgment to form from theſe a work, to be read perhaps with liſtleſs apathy, and thrown aſide with mortifying indifference; are not the leaſt among the diſcouraging circumſtances, that a novel-writer, unaided and unknown, muſt encounter.

With

With no very ſanguine expectation, therefore, is this novel uſhered into the world;—if to a moral, which ſhe truſts will be her advocate with the thinking part of her readers, the writer may perhaps have added a few ſketches of character, not unworthy the ſubject, and by the conduct of the ſtory ſucceeded in arreſting the attention of the thoughtleſs;—if, while ſhe ſeems deſirous only to amuſe, ſhe may ſometimes have the good fortune to inſtruct;—the hours, that have glided not unpleaſantly away in writing theſe volumes, will not be regretted as wholly loſt.

Without the impoſing name of a patron, ſhe has to truſt only to the unbiaſſed

biaſſed judgment of her readers; from a diſcerning public ſhe has nothing to hope beyond the juſtice, that has ſeldom been denied to unaſſuming merit; from the partiality of friends ſhe can receive few ſupporting commendations; unknowing what may be it's fate,—herſelf unknown as a writer,—her book ſteals ſilently to it's trial,—timid —not hopeleſs;—doubting—yet reſigned.

ERRATA.

Page 1, line 2, *for* 1792, *read* 1788,
33, 10, — lord Montcalm, *read* lord Aulange,
47, 1, — mark *read* maſk
51, 18, — graetful *read* grateful
98, 11, — ſeat *read* ſeats
100, 19, — friend *read* friends
131, 5, — feel *read* be

SELINA.

IT was in the month of December, in the year 1793, on one of the days of admiſſion to St. Bartholomew's hoſpital, that a woman, whoſe appearance beſpoke better days, was taken in, among a number of others, as a patient. Upon being carried into the ward, to which ſhe was conſigned, ſhe regarded it with a dejected, yet ſubmiſſive look. Her perſon was tall and thin; the remains of beauty were ſtill viſible in her countenance; but her frame was

1788 8 88

ſo ſhattered and emaciated by ſickneſs, that little judgment could be formed of what her appearance had been, from what it was. Being placed in bed, the fatigue of undreſſing, co-operating with the evident agitation with which ſhe ſtruggled, brought on faintings, that continued, with little intermiſſion, till morning, towards which ſhe fell into a doze, and awoke much refreſhed.

At the uſual time of the phyſicians going their rounds, Doctor B., after aſking the ordinary queſtions relative to her diſorder, took her hand to feel her pulſe. Struck with it's delicacy, ſhape, and colour, he regarded her for ſome minutes with attention, and appeared buried in thought; at length he aſked her name. She replied, "Manley." "May I, without offence, aſk you, Madam," for he felt he could not addreſs her in the common way, "whether you

you have a huſband, and where he is?" She ſighed heavily, and in reply informed him, ſhe had not; her huſband had been in the army, but was no more. The doctor now begged her pardon; hoped he had not given her pain by his queſtion; aſſured her he felt intereſted for her; and by that irreſiſtible impulſe which inſenſibly attracts a feeling mind, he made an offer of his ſervices, before he was aware the words had paſſed his lips.

With the ſame feeling with which a parent watches over a darling child, did this truly good man liſten to her account of her diſorder; his duty, however, demanded other attentions, and he quitted her, after having ordered ſome cordial medicines, which her caſe required, with a degree of unwillingneſs he had never before felt; leaving ſtrict charge with the nurſes relative to her. He

had ſcarcely quitted the ward, ere ſhe was ſeized with ſo violent a fit of coughing, that ſhe broke a blood veſſel. The phyſicians were ſent for; and as Doctor B. had not yet left the houſe, he haſtened back to her aſſiſtance. By his attention the bleeding was ſoon ſtopped, but his patient was ſo faint and exhauſted, that ſhe could with difficulty ſpeak. Her lips only moved. Once ſhe took the doctor's hand, and looked moſt expreſſively at him. The good man took the hint, and remained by her. Nature, however, demanded relief, and, overcome with fatigue and exertion, ſhe ſunk into a ſlumber. On this he left her, and having ordered, that ſhe ſhould be kept as quiet as poſſible, finiſhed his rounds, and returned home.

The next day he was earlier by an hour at the hoſpital than was common; his feet mechanically

mechanically followed the dictates of his heart, and he found himſelf at the bedſide of Mrs. Manley, ere he was conſcious he had aſcended the ſtairs. At ſight of him, a faint but expreſſive pleaſure beamed in her languid eye, her lips moved, and a gentle ſmile ſat on her countenance. Doctor B. was ſhocked at the ravages already viſible in her face. He again took the hand, that before ſo ſtrongly attracted his notice. The common inquiries over, ſhe ſeemed anxious to ſpeak with him; which, in broken ſentences, ſhe, after much inward ſtruggle, accompliſhed. "May I, ſir, oh, may I ſee my children? it will aſſuredly be for the laſt time. Ah, ſir, can you, and do you, who are a ſtranger, ſo compaſſionate me? Will you not retract your offers of yeſterday?" "Moſt certainly not, my dear madam; tell me in what I can be of

ſervice to you, try me; I am intereſted for you beyond deſcription: tell me, then, but in what I can ſerve you, and ſee how readily I will exert myſelf." "I am not quite forſaken then; God Almighty," and ſhe bowed her head as ſhe ſpoke, "has raiſed me up one friend. He will not deſert my children; he will remember the orphan. But," and ſhe heſitated as if fearful of offending, "perhaps my requeſt may draw you into more trouble than you ſuſpect." The doctor heſitated, and looked ſurpriſed; while his patient was evidently hurt, as ſhe appeared anxiouſly waiting a reiterated aſſurance. This the doctor ſaw, and, confounded as he was, and unknowing into what difficulties a raſh promiſe might plunge him, he yet wanted reſolution to damp the hope he had raiſed. Prudence whiſpered him, not to ſuffer his feelings to

overrule

overrule her dictates, while humanity pleaded in a more forcible manner, not to ſhrink from the trial. The almoſt dying eye of the poor invalide was fixed upon him. To him ſhe ſeemed to cling, as to a laſt hope. He ſaw it; felt all his heart intereſted for her; and, with a voice and manner moſt affectionate, aſſured her, that he would comply with her wiſhes, be they what they might.

Comforted by this aſſurance, an animated hope for a moment brightened a countenance, which the damps of death were already bedewing. "Let me ſee my children, and immediately then," ſaid ſhe, with an impatience of manner, that beſpoke every moment of conſequence. The doctor took their addreſs, and ſent his carriage and ſervants for them. "And now, my dear madam," ſaid he, as he advanced towards

the bed, " that command obeyed, tell me in what elſe I can ſerve you." Mrs. Manley appeared revived. She made a motion for her pockets: they were given to her, and out of them ſhe took a pocket-book, which ſhe preſented to the doctor. " This contains, ſir," ſaid ſhe, and as ſhe ſpoke her reſpiration became ſhort and thick, " this contains all that is immediately neceſſary for you to know, when the breath ſhall have forſaken this frail tenement of clay. That will explain for whom you have been ſo kindly intereſted. Oh my God!" and ſhe lifted up her hands and eyes to Heaven, " Oh my God! I thank thee, that thus in my laſt moments thou haſt raiſed me up a friend and comforter. Perhaps, ſir," and as ſhe ſpoke ſhe untied a ſmall picture, which hung round her neck ſuſpended by a ribbon, " perhaps, when my ſtory is known

known to you, this may be a memorial of humanity not unpleaſant to you. Keep this, ſir, in memory of one whoſe laſt moments you have ſweetened, whoſe debt of gratitude is larger than ſhe can ever pay, and which burſts her boſom to expreſs."

Fatigued by what ſhe had ſaid, ſhe fell back, but after ſome reviving cordials had been adminiſtered, ſhe was able to receive her children, who now entered with their nurſe. They were two little girls; the elder not more than eight years of age, the younger three. They were neatly and genteelly dreſſed. The children clung to their mother. The elder ſeemed ſurpriſed at the place; frightened at her mother's illneſs; and, being ſurrounded by ſtrangers, burſt into tears. The nurſe, though oppreſſed by her own feelings, yet tried to calm the emotions of the child. Mrs.

Manley, as well as the agitation of her ſpirits would permit, and the feebleneſs of her body allow, embraced her children, ſpoke affectionately to the nurſe, and recommended them to her care. She then aſked the nurſe, if ſhe had any thing with her. The woman immediately gave her a ſmall box, which ſhe had brought. Mrs. Manley, unable to overcome the emotions, which agitated her mind, ſeized a hand of each of her children, and, preſſing them with eagerneſs to her lips and breaſt, "God's will be done," ſaid ſhe, "he is all-ſufficient." The doctor having kindly noticed the little girls, a look of thankfulneſs brightened her countenance; then pointing to the box, ſhe ſaid, in a low and faltering voice, "in that box, ſir, is contained a paper, which, for the ſake of theſe dear girls, I wiſh to be preſerved. At a

proper

proper age let it be put into their hands; it may warn them from the commiſſion of errours, into which I have fallen; it may teach them to ſhun the rock, on which I have ſplit. Oh! heavy, heavy, has the curſe entailed on diſobedient children fallen on my head; but I have deſerved it all." Her voice grew weaker, and the doctor would have removed her children, but ſummoning all the little ſtrength ſhe had left, ſhe prevented him. "Stop! ſtop! ſir," ſhe feebly articulated, "a little while, and theſe eyes will be for ever ſhut on objects moſt tenderly loved. All I have to leave them is my bleſſing. Oh!" and ſhe ſighed heavily, "what a conſolation would it be to me, thus, in my dying hour, to have my father's bleſſing on my head." Again ſhe ſtopped. The recollection of paſt circumſtances now ſeemed to preſs upon her.

Lifting up her eyes to Heaven, "Lord, I beſeech thee, bleſs my children, let not the ſins of their mother be viſited upon them. O God! in me let the curſe end; and may they be happy. Bleſs, bleſs you, my darlings! a mother's, a fond mother's bleſſing reſt upon your heads! it is all ſhe has to leave; with that only can ſhe enrich you. May it, like the dews of Heaven, deſcend on your heads, and water you with it's increaſe!" Then having them lifted up to her, ſhe kiſſed them, and ſaid, "Dear ſpirit of my bleſſed mother, watch over and protect them." Her agitation now became ſo great, that the blood veſſel again burſt, and the children, both frightened at the ſight of the blood, which poured from her mouth, ſcreamed with terrour. The doctor ordered them away: but the ſenſes of the poor mother were ſtill entire, though her body

was almoſt exhauſted. She ſtill held the hands of her children, as if willing to retain in death thoſe objects, which in life had moſt power to comfort her. She continued ſtill bleeding, till Nature could no longer perform her functions. The hands of her children now inſenſibly dropped from her's; and the doctor took this opportunity of ſending them into another room.

He then ſat down by her bedſide, ſeeing no relief could be afforded, with all the attention of the warmeſt friend, and watched the convulſions as they aroſe, ſtill weaker and weaker, till the ſtruggle could no longer be ſuſtained. The cord of life was for ever ſnapped aſunder; ſhe ſunk into everlaſting ſleep, and found in the arms of death a ſure reſpite from the calamities of life.

Never

Never had the doctor, though he had witneſſed many ſcenes of woe and death, felt any more painful than the preſent. For ſome minutes he ſtaid contemplating the face of a woman, lovely even in death, till, recollecting the nurſe and children, he haſtened to them; but not till he had given proper orders relative to the body.

The poor children no ſooner ſaw him, than, as if willing to make a friend of him, they clung about him. The elder aſked for her mama. The nurſe ſeemed fearful of knowing her fate. Doctor B. ſhook his head; "She is an inhabitant, I hope and believe, of a better world: what," and he addreſſed himſelf to the nurſe, who was unfeignedly grieved, "what muſt have been Mrs. Manley's ſorrows, that, at this early period, have ſo ſoon deprived her of life? Tell me, nurſe, who ſhe was, and of

what

what family, that could thus ſuffer ſuch a woman, as ſhe appears to have been, to die the object of public charity?" "Ah! ſir," returned the nurſe, "when you know all, you will indeed be ſurpriſed; but I muſt not be the perſon to tell you. I make no doubt, but the contents of the box, that my dear lady placed in your hands, will reveal the whole." The doctor, finding he could not obtain farther intelligence from her, took her addreſs, and, having ſent his ſervant for a coach, put her and the children into it, giving her money to pay the fare, and promiſing to ſee them ſhortly. He then ſtepped into his chariot, and was, with a heavy heart, conveyed home.

The events of the day, and reflections, which in ſpite of humanity and benevolence crowded on his mind, cauſed him ſenſations, to which he had hitherto been a ſtranger.

He

He had promiſed his utmoſt exertions to the poor deceaſed; he had promiſed to befriend her children. A promiſe with him was no ſlight concern; it was ſacred. Once given, he felt it muſt not be retracted; and to ſhrink from it's performance, was a breach of confidence, he could not pardon in himſelf.

He ſaw himſelf the adopted parent, and apparently the ſole protector of two children, whom three hours before he had never ſeen. How could he anſwer to his family this unlooked-for charge? The world, ever cenſorious, he feared would give another colour to a proceeding, wholly the effect of humanity; and though we may affect to deſpiſe it's cenſures, yet inſenſible indeed muſt the mind be, that does not feel them.

No

No ſooner had he arrived at his own houſe, than he retired to his ſtudy. The pocket-book, which Mrs. Manley had placed in his hands, he firſt examined. It contained little of conſequence, but a certificate of a marriage between Charles Manley and Selina St. Aubin. To the box then he had recourſe for the elucidation of what appeared to him myſterious. Upon opening it, he ſaw two letters of different dates, from gentlemen abroad, giving an account of the death of captain Manley; and a roll of paper, tied round, on the outſide of which was written, "It is my wiſh, to be buried at St. George's, Hanover ſquare, in the family vault, and as near the remains of my mother as poſſible; if my father, the earl of Delmore, will permit; to whom the letter ſo addreſſed is to be given; and who, I hope, will not extend his reſentment to

the

the grave. If he will not permit this, let me be buried wherever I may happen to die."

Never was aſtoniſhment equal to the doctor's. That the earl of Delmore, one of the wealthieſt noblemen in the kingdom, ſhould ſuffer his daughter, his heireſs, his only child, to finiſh her days in an hoſpital, ſtruck him with wonder and horrour. He had heard ſome years before of her having married imprudently; but he thought, that ſomething more than mere imprudence muſt have been the cauſe of a parent's deſerting a child, and leaving her expoſed to the charity of ſtrangers.

Still more deſirous of obtaining a proper knowledge of the charge he had undertaken, and determined not to loſe a moment in the fulfilment of what he now thought a duty, as ſoon as the indiſpenſable avocations of his

his buſineſs would permit, he went to St. James's ſquare, where the earl reſided. His name ſpeedily procured him admiſſion, and he was introduced to him. The common compliments over, his lordſhip, with that politeneſs which ſpeaks the man of faſhion, requeſted to know, to what fortunate circumſtance he owed the pleaſure of his company. The doctor produced the letter. The writing ſtruck him, and he haſtily withdrew the hand he had extended to receive it. "From Mrs. Manley, ſir," ſaid the doctor. The earl reddened. "I have long ſince prohibited any intercourſe of this kind, and am much ſurpriſed that you, ſir, ſhould come on ſuch an errand. Pardon me, if I ſay, I ſee no viſitors on this ſubject;" and he roſe from his ſeat: "I leave you, ſir, in poſſeſſion of this room for the preſent." "Stop, my lord!" for the earl had

had his hand on the lock, and was about to withdraw, "Stop, my lord! I am, believe me, wholly ignorant of any cauſe, which can make you refuſe receiving this letter; but be it what it may, the circumſtances, under which it is delivered, demand, if not for Mrs. Manley's ſake, at leaſt for mine, that you read it. She, my lord, can never offend again; ſhe has paid with her life all the errours ſhe may have committed; but of what tendency they are, or whether ſhe had any, I know not. Your lordſhip muſt read it." The earl took the letter. His hand ſhook with terrour; his face was pale with agitation; and he ſtood ſome minutes with it in his hand, before he could ſummon courage to open it. Once he looked at the addreſs, "it is her writing;" and, as though doubting his ability, if he longer delayed, to open it at all, he tore it aſunder with a

haſty

haſty and trembling hand. "And is ſhe no more, did you ſay? Is this all, ſir, that can now remind me of my child? Poor, poor Selina! Yes, my child," in broken and inarticulate accents, ſobbed out the earl, "yes, I forgive thee; but never, never will I forgive the wretch thy huſband." Then abruptly turning to the doctor, he ſaid, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "Tell me where and when did my child die." "Yeſterday, my lord, and in"—the doctor ſtopped; he hardly knew how to tell a man of lord Delmore's conſequence, that an hoſpital was where his daughter drew her laſt breath; yet feeling, that the pride of ſuch a man would probably be more hurt, and that he might be more ready to grant the dying requeſt of his child, if her real ſituation were made known, he, after ſome heſitation, ſaid,

"and

" and in St. Bartholomew's hoſpital." The earl ſtarted, his whole countenance labouring with paſſions, to which he had not power to give utterance. " In an hoſpital!" at laſt he articulated, " in an hoſpital, did you ſay? Do I hear right? Did you ſay in an hoſpital? God of Heaven! my daughter, lady Selina St. Aubin, die in an hoſpital!" " She did, indeed, ſir," replied the doctor. " And her diſorder? ſir," ſaid the earl impatiently. " Alas! my lord, that was beyond the reach of medicinal art; I fear a broken heart." " Oh! unnatural wretch, that I am," ſaid the earl franticly, " could I, did I refuſe a home to my child, when almoſt in the hour of death ſhe petitioned me for one? O God! God! if thou ſhoweſt no more mercy to me, when I petition, then, indeed, am I loſt for ever. Oh! my child, my poor loſt child! why did I curſe

curſe thee? Why did I throw thee from me, when on thy knees thou imploredſt my pardon? But where, where, is her huſband?" "Dead, my lord, I believe, for the lady was in mourning, and her wedding ring was enamelled with black."

After the agitation of the earl had a little ſubſided, and he became compoſed, a long converſation enſued between him and the doctor, during which he queſtioned him concerning the circumſtances of his daughter's death. To this the doctor could return very inſufficient anſwers: he however mentioned the children, and the deſire lady Selina expreſſed of being laid by her mother. To the latter, the earl immediately conſented; in regard to his granddaughters, he ſaid, he would, as uſual, pay the nurſe; but wiſhed, for the preſent, to be ſpared ſeeing them. By the next day, he added,

he

he might be better able to reſolve, what ſhould hereafter be done for them; at preſent his thoughts were too unſettled, to admit any fixed determination. The doctor then took his leave, after having agreed, at the earl's requeſt, to breakfaſt with him the following morning; rejoicing, that the commencement of his labours wore ſo auſpicious an appearance; that at leaſt he ſhould ſee the little orphans placed above want; and that the remains of their mother would be depoſited agreeably to her requeſt.

The body of lady Selina Manley was that night removed from St. Bartholomew's hoſpital to St. James's ſquare, whence, with all imaginable pomp, it was conveyed to St. George's church, and there depoſited in the family vault. Thus pride and after-regret effected, what years ſpent in penitence,

tence, ſickneſs, and ſorrow, could not accompliſh. Much as lord Delmore felt, now his daughter was gone for ever; much as he regretted not having afforded her an aſylum from want and miſery; he yet felt more, that a child of his ſhould end her days the object of the very charity he patronized. To the accounts he had been frequently receiving of her miſeries and penitence he had been inſenſible; but when he underſtood where the termination of her life and misfortunes had taken place, all his dignity, his pride, was awakened, was wounded; and at that moment he would willingly have forgiven the paſt, for the conſolation of knowing that ſhe had died, if not under his own roof, yet at leaſt not the inhabitant of an hoſpital. So poor, ſo pitiful is human pride! we can behold without concern diſtreſs, which perhaps ourſelves have

occaſioned; can leave thoſe, whom we have loved, expoſed to ſcenes of exquiſite miſery, without feeling or remorſe; yet when all is over, the curtain of death for ever cloſed around them, and the tongue of the world in motion, we can endeavour by an outward appearance of ſorrow, and perhaps an after-feeling of regret and reſpect, to cover with the pageantry of a pompous funeral the unkindneſſes we had ſhown, and the inſenſibility we had diſplayed.

Doctor B. was exact to his appointment. It was ſettled, that the children ſhould have five thouſand pounds each veſted in the funds for their uſe, the worthy phyſician being appointed their guardian and truſtee. But ſo ſtrong were the prejudices the earl entertained againſt the father of the little orphans, that for his ſake he would not ſee thoſe, who alone could have alleviated his

regret

regret for the mother. He mentioned alſo his wiſh, that they ſhould not go by their real name, alleging, that, at ſome future period, they might form hopes upon their knowledge of the relationſhip betwixt them, which never could be realized; that, though his diſpleaſure purſued not lady Selina into the grave, he could not riſk his peace, by bringing into his houſe, and foſtering with his care and affections, children who might probably deceive him, as their mother had done; and were the offspring of the man, who had tempted his child to diſobedience, and who in himſelf was the object of his hatred and contempt. The doctor in vain attempted to combat this reſolution, and at length, fearing that he might rather prejudice than ſerve the cauſe in which he was engaged, agreed to the earl's propoſals. The elder of the two children was placed

at a very genteel ſchool; the younger remaining ſome time longer with her nurſe, upon whom the earl made a ſettlement of twenty pounds a year, as an acknowledgment for her attention to his child.

Our phyſician, anxious to know in what manner lady Selina had ſo deeply offended her father, haſtened to read the manuſcript, which, with two pictures and a bracelet, conſtituted the contents of the box ſhe had committed to his charge. As ſoon as he had peruſed it, he wrote to ſuch friends as were moſt intereſted for her, giving an account of the melancholy event, which had taken place, with ſuch other particulars as he deemed it neceſſary they ſhould know.

As ſoon as the death of lady Selina Manley became publicly known in the great world, there were ſome among the circle

circle of her former and her father's preſent friends, who yet dared to urge the cauſe of her ſurviving offspring, and ſolicit the earl to receive and own them as his grandchildren; yet, though his lordſhip's reflections upon the premature death of his child gave him the moſt heart-felt anguiſh, ſo deeply rooted was his hatred of captain Manley, that he dreaded leſt in giving himſelf up to love his children, he ſhould loſe his abhorrence of their father. The more the earl conſidered captain Manley's conduct, the more was he incenſed againſt him: he could not brook the idea, that his daughter died the object of public charity, and he was happy to fix the odium of it upon her huſband, never adverting to his own ſeverity, by which ſhe was firſt prompted to take the ſtep, that had embittered every hour of her future life. He did not, or he

would not chouſe to think, that this diſgrace to his family would never have been, had he extended the hand of ſupport to her, had he relieved her. Acutely as for a time he felt his unnatural conduct to her, and bitter as were the reproaches of his inward monitor, like moſt others who have done wrong, he was glad to ſhift the blame upon any object, rather than ſuppoſe himſelf the cauſe.

Conſequently the huſband of his unfortunate child was that object. The more his heart became ſenſible of her ſufferings, the more anxious was he to ſhake off the cenſures he felt he deſerved. Yet, ſolicitous as he was to reconcile himſelf to his own heart, he found this a more difficult taſk than he conceived it could be. The negative ſort of kindneſs he had ſhown to his grandchildren could not ſatisfy the demands

of

of nature: he frequently felt this half-compliance with his dying child's requeſt as one of the greateſt unkindneſſes of his life toward her; and at ſuch times he was ready to ſend for her children, claſp them to his heart, and make them his own. Yet theſe fond emotions of the mind he carefully ſuppreſſed;—"I have performed the moſt neceſſary duty," he would ſay, "I have placed them above want. I have given them what will enable them to live decently in the world; in a middling ſtation it will be an ample proviſion; and as I wiſh them not to know their affinity to me, that will be ſufficient for all their future proſpects."

By this kind of reaſoning he ſtifled ſentiments, which, had he encouraged, might have been the means of ſubduing the anguiſh he felt, and leſſening the remorſe by which he was tortured.

The doctor, in compliance with the wiſh of the earl, altered the name of his wards, calling them by that of Stanley. He was obliged to adopt one not totally diſſimilar to their own, as the elder of the young ladies was almoſt too old to be deceived in this particular: but the very retired life lady Selina had led, the very few people ſhe had ſeen, hardly admitted her being called otherwiſe than Emma, ſo that when ſhe was ſpoken to as miſs Manley, ſhe could ſcarcely conceive herſelf the perſon addreſſed: beſides, the tranſition from Manley to Stanley was ſo eaſy, that the name ſoon became familiar.

For eight years from this period nothing material occurred to our young heroines. In the mean time the earl, tortured by reflections which brought no ſolace to his mind, ſunk into a dejection of ſpirits and

imbecillity

imbecillity of intellect, which took from him the power of remembrance. His bodily health too ſuffered materially, and he was ordered by his phyſicians to repair to the South of France, and continue travelling, that the dejection of his mind might be relieved by change of objects and places. Unconſcious and uncaring, he was moved like a machine from place to place; while his brother, lord Montcalm, undertook the management of his eſtates, the mental powers of the earl being ſo ſhaken, that he was unable to attend to his own concerns.

Having ſpent a few years however in gentle rambling in a genial clime, he began to diſplay ſome degree of reaſon and recollection, and at length was ſo far recovered as to re-aſſume his rights. England, however, had no charms for lord Delmore; and feeling his health benefited by a warmer

climate, he ſettled in Italy. There, that he might be freed from the uſeleſs parade of grandeur, and the vain pomp of a high-ſounding title, he lived as a private gentleman, and was no longer known as the earl of Delmore. By degrees the powers of his mind returned, and with them his health; but his dejection never wore off. He reflected upon his cruelty to his daughter, and would have given worlds to have recalled it. "Had it not been for me," he would often ſay, "ſhe might ſtill have been here: my unnatural ſeverity, my unforgiving diſpoſition, ſunk deep into her heart. To her petition for pardon I was deaf, and, rather than concede, left her to all the miſeries of poverty and deſpair. Oh! my child, my child, amply has my barbarity to you been repaid upon myſelf! ſee me now, what an object, worn down

and

and emaciated by ſickneſs; the powers of my mind, once quite gone, now feebly returning; without a friend to take part in my afflictions, to conſole or ſoothe my aching heart by their tenderneſs! Had I, oh my child! been a father to you, had I but done my duty as one, you might now have been my companion and nurſe, the prop of my declining years, the friend and companion of my ebbing life!"

Thus would the earl reaſon, thus would he reflect on himſelf. The torture of his mind demanded ſome reſpite, and in conſequence he wrote to Dr. B., to ſend his grandchildren to him, as the only way left for him to expiate his cruelty to their mother.

But this reſolve of kindneſs came too late. Dr. B., very ſoon after the earl quitted England, had been ſeized by that fell tyrant, who levels all without diſtinction. The care of

his wards had devolved upon his executor Mr. Ferguſon, a merchant of eminence, and a man whoſe family had once been noble; but their nobility, owing to their attachment to an unfortunate cauſe, was loſt. This gentleman, though in poſſeſſion of Dr. B.'s papers, had not any that related to his wards. The worthy doctor, a little before his death, had told his friend, that the fate of the young ladies was yet wrapped up in myſtery: he owned they were of a noble family, but avoided ſaying to whom they were related.

Among the few friends of their unfortunate mother was a welſh apothecary, of the name of Davis. To him Dr. B. committed all the papers, which materially concerned them; at the ſame time ſtrictly enjoining him ſecrecy, as the earl was ſtill living, who might be offended by having the

the ſtory of his daughter made public. He feared alſo, it might be the means of prejudicing the earl ſtill more againſt his grand-daughters; and he rather choſe, to truſt to the chance, that natural affection might yet ſpeak in their favour, than force them into notice. For this reaſon this excellent man appointed Mr. Davis in the truſt with Mr. Ferguſon; that if the earl ſhould ever be inclined to own them, or their birth be called in queſtion, there might be ſome one, that could authenticate it.

The letter from lord Delmore to Dr. B. was never received by Mr. Ferguſon, and the uncertainty of his grandchildren's fate added ſtings to the miſeries that unhappy nobleman already felt. It is fit, however, that we take leave of him for the preſent, and return to his orphan grandchildren.

Mr. Ferguſon, as has been ſaid, was a merchant. He had been married near thirty years to a woman of diſtinguiſhed merit, and good family. Three children were the fruits of this marriage, a ſon and two daughters. The elder of the two young ladies, when ſhe attained her eighteenth year, had married a foreigner, and retired with him to his native country. The younger had been educated at the ſame ſchool with our heroines, and was now about to quit it. The ſon of Mr. Ferguſon was in his twentieth year, and was with his father in buſineſs. He was a tall, genteel young man, of good figure, and polite addreſs. His face boaſted no other beauty than a pair of intelligent eyes, which ſpoke his inmoſt thoughts, and gave an indefinable expreſſion to his countenance. His underſtanding was good, his judgment

ſolid,

ſolid, but his vivacity was unbounded. He loved his family with the tendereſt affection, particularly his youngeſt ſiſter, whom, when at ſchool, he frequently viſited. He was delighted at the idea of miſs Stanleys reſiding with his parents, looked anxiouſly for the time when they ſhould be emancipated from what he called the ſlavery of a ſchool, and had already planned a thouſand ſchemes for their future amuſement.

The time now approached when Mrs. Ferguſon, for to her affairs of this kind were left, thought it neceſſary for Emma Stanley to quit the houſe of her governeſs, and reſide with her; but to her aſtoniſhment Emma preferred ſtaying a few years longer, till her ſiſter could leave it with her.

Emma had acquired to perfection moſt of thoſe accompliſhments, which are thought

ſo

ſo eſſential for females. She was ſenſible, ſteady, and diſcreet; had a ſtrong underſtanding, and keen ſenſibility. Her heart was warm, generous, and open. There was an innate dignity in her manners and ſentiments, that repreſſed familiarity, while it commanded reſpect, and gave a certain degree of haughtineſs to her character, which was not at all times pleaſing. Tenderly attached to her ſiſter, whom ſhe conſidered as her only relative, ſhe would at any time ſacrifice her own pleaſures, to promote Mary's. Five years ſhe deemed a great difference between them, and ſhe appeared to conſider Mary as an infant. Upon this account ſhe took a decided part in all that concerned her; all her leiſure hours were ſpent in improving her ſiſter; and that ſhe might be better able to attend to her, ſhe begged her guardian's

 permiſſion,

permiſſion, to remain at ſchool till the education of Mary was finiſhed. When told, that it was time ſhe partook in the amuſements of London, ſhe replied, that ſhe ſhould never be at a loſs for pleaſure while ſhe could benefit her ſiſter; and till Mary was of an age to join in their parties, gayety would have no charms for her.

In regard to perſonal appearance, Emma's was one of thoſe faces and figures, which require intimacy to excite admiration: no one would have been ſtruck with her beauty at firſt ſight; but no one could ſit half an hour in her company without thinking ſhe was pretty, and few quitted it without pronouncing her handſome.

The chief perfection in her countenance was an expreſſion of ſenſibility, which, without the ſmalleſt degree of affectation, was viſible upon every feature as ſhe ſpoke.

So

So much did this expreſſion intereſt, that ſhe was heard with attention, and ſeldom failed to pleaſe. She had a ſtrong remembrance of her mother, and ſome events of her life were indelibly impreſſed on her memory. She mourned for Dr. B. with all the tenderneſs of an affectionate child, and, while his lady lived, ſupplied, as far as lay in her power, the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained; but as her death quickly followed her huſband's, ſhe had not long to prove her gratitude for the kindneſs, with which ſhe had ever been treated by the worthy pair.

She was now to become a member of a family almoſt unknown to her. To both Mr. and Mrs. Ferguſon ſhe had been introduced, but with neither had ſhe a particular acquaintance. She felt ſhe ſhould regard them, becauſe they were the friends

of

of her late worthy guardian, and on that account her heart was willing to receive a favourable impreſſion of them. The more ſhe knew, the more ſhe eſteemed them. Mr. Fergusſon was a man of buſineſs, and a gentleman. He was candid, generous, liberal in his ſentiments, and an enthuſiaſt in the cauſe of virtue. His benevolence was free from oſtentation, his generoſity from parade; his conduct, fixed upon the baſis of morality, had through life been free from reproach. Fortunate in his concerns, and happy in his family, he was gently ſliding down the hill of life, loaded with the bleſſings of individuals.

He had married a lady, whoſe only portion was beauty and good ſenſe. She had brought up her family in a manner which did her honour. The only ſhade in the character of this reſpectable pair was the

pride

pride of family; each being the immediate deſcendant of an honourable houſe, they were apt to look with a degree of haughtineſs upon thoſe, who could not boaſt the ſame advantage. Early they endeavoured to impreſs upon the minds of their children the importance of high birth. Mr. Ferguſon always valued himſelf upon the nobility of his deſcent; but his family had been attainted, and the title, which by a regular courſe ſhould now have been his, was withheld from him. He had eagerly and unremittingly endeavoured to get the attainder taken off: hitherto he had been unſucceſsful; nevertheleſs he ſtill cheriſhed the hope, that his ſon would yet be in poſſeſſion of the honours of his houſe. This was the wiſh that clung neareſt his heart, and to have ſeen him earl Forres would have been the higheſt point of his ambition.

In

In this Mrs. Ferguſon was no way behind him: ſhe looked ſtill farther; the title exiſting in her own family was nearly extinct, for want of male iſſue; and there ſtood only a lad of ſeven years of age, and a puny boy of two, betwixt her ſon and a dukedom. It had ever been her wiſh, that her ſon ſhould be brought up to the army, as being the occupation of a gentleman; but Mr. Ferguſon here interpoſed his authority. "Should all our hopes for George, my dear Emily," he obſerved, "ſink into nothing, my profeſſion will ſtill be a reſource, and the reſource of a gentleman. His preferment in the army would be precarious, and ſhould any thing happen to me, his intereſt might fall ſhort: let us therefore prefer the certainty; ſhould he ſucceed to a title, he will not want a commiſſion;

miſſion; and ſhould he not, he had better be a merchant than a ſoldier."

Mrs. Ferguſon readily acquieſced, as ſhe did in all his wiſhes, when guided by reaſon; and as they were ſeldom directed by any other impulſe, we may preſume ſhe was generally convinced by his arguments.

With deep regret they had ſeen and conſented to their elder daughter's marriage with a foreigner, and that foreigner not ennobled; but as the happineſs of their child was at ſtake, they gave up their own wiſhes in compliance to her's.

Emily Ferguſon, their younger daughter, was now in the ſeventeenth year of her age. As her mind expanded, the features of it bore no very favourable appearance. With an apparent openneſs of diſpoſition, there was a ſpecies of ſelfiſh cunning in her, that

ſpoke

ſpoke a little mind; under the ~~mark~~ mask of levity was hidden a ſubtle obſervance of every thing that paſſed. The love ſhe affected to feel for Emma and Mary was rather the reſult of convenience, than real preference to them; of the former, however, ſhe was afraid, but over the latter ſhe had gained a complete aſcendency. She was ſtrikingly handſome, but her beauty, like her temper, was imperious. She had a fine form, and ready wit, which ſhe delighted in diſplaying. Satire and keen repartee were her forte; and even at the early age, at which we are deſcribing her, ſhe was never at a loſs for a ſmart reply. Yet with all theſe failings there was ſomething about her, that commanded admiration; and when ſhe took pains to pleaſe, ſhe ſeldom failed of ſucceeding. Indeed ſhe was a perfect Proteus; now grave, then gay, volatile, ſullen, melancholy:

lancholy: ſhe was every thing by turns, and ſo well did ſhe know how to adapt her humour, that few left her company without pronouncing her a charming girl.

Mary Stanley, on the contrary, was open, generous, and unſuſpecting. Warm in her attachments, and ſincere in her profeſſions, ſhe was the picture of mirth and good humour; and if now and then ſhe tranſgreſſed the bounds of moderation, no one could be angry with her, the innocent playfulneſs and unconſcious ſweetneſs of her manners ſo powerfully prohibited offence. With a quickneſs of underſtanding, and readineſs of wit, that ſeldom occur, ſhe was never heard to utter a word to the diſadvantage of another; her heart was replete with goodneſs and virtue. In perſon ſhe was the counterpart of her mother: her figure, which was already tall and elegant,

gant, gave dignity to her manner: her large ſparkling black eyes, now animated by hope, now checked by fear, were, though extremely bright, ſo exceſſively mild, that her countenance, till ſhe ſpoke, had an appearance of languor; but the extreme animation, which was then diffuſed over every feature, left no doubt of the ſenſibility of her heart.

When her ſiſter had completed her fourteenth year, with her ſhe left the houſe of her reſpectable governeſs, to reſide at Mr. Ferguſon's. Mr. Davis, who had conſtantly correſponded with miſs Stanleys, now intreated a viſit from them. Eſcorted by George Ferguſon, they ſet out; and, ſlowly travelling, that they might enjoy the beauties of the country, in ten days they arrived at the humble habitation of their friend.

Mr. Davis rejoiced to ſee them: he welcomed them with the warmeſt affection; and while he contemplated the features of each, he ſighed at the remembrance of their mother, who, at ſo early an age, was condemned to the ſilent tomb. The ſentiment Mr. Davis had felt for lady Selina, he, at times, had found difficult to define. At firſt his admiration was engaged; then his pity, his compaſſion for her misfortunes; and theſe, all uniting, almoſt gave birth to another, the influence of which he could ſcarcely doubt. Mr. Davis, however, was a man of honour and feeling: he knew ſhe was married; he knew ſhe tenderly loved an unworthy huſband; he therefore combated his own ſentiments, to avoid raiſing ſuſpicion in her. To ſee her, to look at her, to converſe with her, were all the indulgencies

he

he wiſhed; but this love, or zealous admiration, which ever it was, intereſted him ſo much in her behalf, that he was never ſo well pleaſed as when employed in doing her ſervice. In her cauſe he was indefatigable; and when death, though a viſitor long expected, tore from his view the woman he ſo much eſteemed, it is hard to ſay what he felt. To her children then he transferred the anxious ſolicitude and affection, with which he had regarded their mother. He had made ſeveral journies to London to viſit them. Emma, who had never forgotten him, was always rejoiced to ſee him: beſides, he talked of her mother; and though that mother had unfortunately been torn from her at an early age, yet it was a theme ſo grateful to her ear, that her reſpect and love for Mr. Davis increaſed from it.

It was with pleaſure then ſhe paid him the ſo long promiſed viſit; and the ſincere welcome which he gave his wards, with the frankneſs and kindneſs of his behaviour, gained him the warmeſt affection of their hearts. At the preſſing intreaties of Mr. Davis, George Ferguſon conſented to paſs a fortnight at Llanberis. When the time of his departure arrived, he felt a repugnance at parting with his fair friends, that he could not diſguiſe. He admired them both, and it is difficult to ſay which poſſeſſed the greateſt ſhare of his admiration. The underſtanding and prudence of Emma he always eſteemed. Her beauty, too, was of that ſtealing ſort, which indelibly impreſſes it's power. But for him ſhe was too much of the goddeſs: her dignity, her manners, the air of grandeur ſo viſible in her every action, made him fearful of addreſſing her;

and

and from this fear he had taught himſelf to look upon her as a creature above his hopes. With Mary it was very different: though not more than fourteen, ſhe was ſo tall and completely formed, that ſhe was generally thought two years older than ſhe really was. With her he was always ſure of a play-fellow: ſhe would romp with him by the hour; while he, delighted by the witty and ſenſible things that eſcaped her very pretty lips, contemplated her with all the delight and affection of a brother. On their journey her playful vivacity amuſed him; and at Llanberis, where every thing was new and ſtrange to her, her obſervations and remarks afforded him a fund of entertainment. On the morning deſtined for his return to London, his ſpirits were ſo viſibly depreſſed, that, with all his vivacity, he could not rally them. On the part of

Emma and Mary, too, he was highly regretted: his cheerfulneſs, his good humour, his ſtudy to pleaſe, made him a deſirable companion, and convinced them of the vacancy his company would make in their little ſociety.

Mr. Davis, who was much pleaſed with him, and knew it would not be diſagreeable to his young friends, made him promiſe to ſpend part of the ſhooting ſeaſon with him. To this George joyfully conſented, and departed in much better ſpirits from the unexpected invitation.

Though his abſence certainly made a great vacuity in their circle, the attentive kindneſs of their friend, and his ſolicitude to promote whatever he thought would afford them pleaſure, ſoon reconciled them to his loſs. When the weather would permit, they rode out on horſeback, an exer-

ciſe

ciſe to which they were particularly partial. During one of their morning rides, they approached Tregwyllynd. "What a fine old caſtle," ſaid Mary, "but now fallen to decay! What a pity a place ſo venerable, ſo grand in appearance, ſhould thus have ſunk into ruin!" "Shall we take a view of it?" ſaid Mr. Davis, with apparent indifference; "it is ſome years ſince I laſt viſited it," he continued, ſighing; "probably it may have changed it's inhabitants, however we will try to gain admiſſion."

They proceeded, and entered at the ſame door, which had firſt received their mother. One ſide of the building only was inhabited. Mr. Davis's name was a ſufficient paſſport, and they obtained permiſſion to look it over. The rooms which were inhabited had been repaired; but Mr. Davis, who well knew thoſe in which lady Selina had

reſided, led the way to them. They were ſtill in the ſtate in which ſhe left them. "How melancholy!" ſaid Mary: "look, Emma, at the tapeſtry: did you ever ſee ſuch horrid figures?" Emma, turning haſtily to Mr. Davis, ſaid, "I cannot but think, ſir, that I have, ſome time or other, ſeen this place, or ſome one very like it; inſtead of ſeeing any thing new, I am ſtruck, as it were, with the ſight of things, of which I have a confuſed remembrance. I do not recollect having been in Wales before." "Yes, my dear miſs Stanley," ſaid her friend, "you are right; every thing here was once familiar to your eye. In this place your mother lived near four years. When firſt I ſaw you, you were an infant of a twelvemonth old. In this very room, almoſt in this very place, did I firſt ſee her." "Oh! pray, dear ſir," they both exclaimed

exclaimed together, " tell us about her; tell us all the particulars." " I now remember every thing," ſaid Emma, " and at this moment recollect her form; recollect her when ſhe was dying, when we were taken to ſee her; well, well can I now recal her image to my mind." " Your ſiſter, my dear Emma," ſaid Mr. Davis, " is her counterpart; ſuch was her face, ſuch her form; never were there two countenances ſo ſtrikingly alike." Emma haſtily advanced to her ſiſter; looked at her, kiſſed her, and burſt into tears, ſaying, " Now, indeed, will you be doubly dear to me. Perhaps," added ſhe, ſitting down, " I am now in the ſame chair, in which my mother laſt ſat in this place. Oh how I venerate, how I love this caſtle!" Mr. Davis moved toward the door, but neither of his wards were willing to leave a

place, with which, Mary ſaid, they claimed relationſhip. They viſited all the different apartments, and felt ſomething to intereſt, ſomething to admire, in each. With regret they quitted the caſtle, and engaged Mr. Davis to accompany them to it as often as poſſible.

As they rode home, miſs Stanley aſked Mr. Davis, if he remembered her father; "for," ſaid ſhe, "I have never heard you mention him. Inform us, dear ſir, if you were acquainted with him. I have often reflected, how very ſtrange it was, that we ſhould not have a relation in the world; and when I have been aſked about my family, I felt extremely awkward, becauſe I knew not to whom we were related. Do, then, my dear ſir, ſatisfy our curioſity."

Mr. Davis knew not what to reply. He did not like to keep them in total ignorance;

rance; and he was fearful of revealing to them whom they really were: he contented himſelf, therefore, by telling them, that their father was an officer in the army, of good family, diſtantly related to nobility: that he died young, and left his lady a widow at four and twenty: that he knew no farther, his acquaintance with them commencing only a few years previous to that event. "Did you never hear either of them talk of their relations?" returned Emma. "I cannot ſay I have not," he replied, "though very ſeldom; indeed they diſcourſed ſo very rarely about family concerns, that it is not now in my power to give you any information on the ſubject."

Thus, for the preſent, their friend ſilenced their curioſity. He once thought it a fit time, to put the manuſcript, their mother

had left, into the hands of Emma; but a ſecond conſideration made him give up this intention. Emma was a very diſcreet and prudent girl; but Mary was not yet of an age, to reflect upon it's contents in the way he wiſhed: he therefore waved his deſign, till they could read it together, as he imagined it would, by ſo doing, make a ſtronger impreſſion on both.

They now frequently viſited Tregwyllynd, which they regarded as a ſanctified ſpot, approaching it with awe, and quitting it with regret. Their greateſt delight was in ſitting in the room their mother had inhabited, and, in idea, treading in the footſteps of their parent.

In one of theſe rambles, croſſing a ſtile, over which their path led, Mary dropped, from her neck, a picture of her father. She miſſed it almoſt immediately, and they turned

back to ſearch for it. A gentleman, whom they had ſeen at a diſtance, was advancing to them, and learning the object of their ſearch, begged permiſſion to aſſiſt them in it. There was ſomething in his manner, which forbade a denial; and he was ſoon fortunate enough to find it. He then requeſted, that he might have the honour of ſeeing them ſafe home. After the ſervice he had rendered them, they could not refuſe; and, chatting agreeably on the way, he accompanied them to the houſe of their reſpectable friend. Mr. Davis was ſurpriſed to ſee them attended by a gentleman; but thinking he might be ſome one of their London acquaintances, invited him in. He ſeemed to conſult the looks of his fair companions, for their approbation; and not ſeeing in them any thing like repugnance to their friend's politeneſs, he entered

tered the houſe. In the courſe of converſation, he informed them, that his name was Mordaunt; that he was ſon to a baronet, who had lately purchaſed a hunting ſeat, within a few miles of Llanberis. Previous to the ſeaſon commencing, he had accompanied his family down, as they wiſhed to enjoy the beauties of ſummer in that delightful ſpot. He complimented himſelf upon being ſo fortunate as to meet, and be uſeful to the ladies; and hoped, they would permit him to call now and then, to inquire after their health; at the ſame time begging permiſſion, to introduce his mother and ſiſters to their acquaintance.

He was no ſooner gone, than Mr. Davis queſtioned his wards relative to their meeting. Having heard the circumſtances attending it, he, laughing, told them, he

ſhould

ſhould not allow of their wandering out unaccompanied, as they were in the land of romance; and he ſhould not be ſurpriſed, if ſome valourous knight, and faithful eſquire, were to ſeat them on their palfreys, and take them to the land of matrimony. Emma was fearful he was offended with them, and could not be ſatisfied, until he had aſſured her to the contrary.

Young Mordaunt was now every day with them, ſometimes ſtaying three or four hours at a time. His converſation was lively, ſenſible, and ſpirited; his manners genteel and elegant; his perſon tall and commanding. Manlineſs and health ſhone in every feature of his face, which was handſome and expreſſive; his fine gray eyes ſpeaking every ſentiment of his heart.

His

His attentions were chiefly addreſſed to Emma, who received them not unfavourably. She was evidently pleaſed when he was preſent, though ſhe ſtrove not to appear ſo. This endeavour gave a degree of reſerve to her manner, which, added to that air of dignity ſo natural to her, gave her an appearance of pride ſhe was far from feeling. Young Mordaunt, whoſe admiration of her increaſed with every interview, ſaw and felt it; and when he addreſſed her, it was with as much reſpect, as he would have ſhowed to a princeſs; when he approached her, it was with as much reverence, as a pagan would have paid to his moſt honoured idol.

Emma, who had not yet queſtioned her heart, felt hurt at this conduct; yet why ſhe ſhould be ſo, was the demand ſhe firſt made. "That Mordaunt regards me merely

merely as a friend," ſhe would ſay to herſelf, "is pretty evident; then why ſhould I feel pain at the coolneſs of his behaviour?" The more ſhe inveſtigated her thoughts, the more ſhe felt he was connected with them. Her boſom, which had hitherto been the ſeat of peace and happineſs, had now admitted a gueſt, that diſturbed it's repoſe. "How weak, how inconſiſtent a being am I! how little do I appear in my own eyes! how have I ſunk, even in my own opinion! To give away my affections, before there is the ſlighteſt degree of preference ſhown to me, how can I reconcile this conduct to my notions of delicacy! No, I am reſolved to get the better of it; I will avoid his company; I will henceforward ſhun him."

This ſhe, no doubt, fully intended; but no ſooner did ſhe know he was in the houſe,

than

than her feet mechanically guided her to the parlour; and it was not till ſhe ſaw him, that ſhe recollected the reſolution ſhe had made. Angry with herſelf, and aſhamed of a weakneſs, known only to her own boſom, ſhe felt confuſed and humbled; and when Mordaunt, with more than his uſual grace, advanced to pay his reſpects, ſhe could ſcarcely reply to him. Collecting her ſcattered thoughts, ſhe aſſumed an air of indifference, till Mordaunt, propoſing an airing on horſeback, ſhe very gravely refuſed. He was ſtruck with the manner, in which this refuſal was given; and, fearing he had in ſome way offended, offered apologies for a conduct, that needed none. She then ſuſpected, ſhe had been too haſty in her refuſal; and endeavoured to ſoften it, by ſaying, ſhe certainly had no objection to an airing; but it muſt appear

pear ſtrange, in the eyes of the world, that he ſhould be conſtantly ſeen with perſons, who were utter ſtrangers to his family. Feeling this ſpeech conveyed a reproach at his not having introduced his mother and ſiſters to their acquaintance, he reſolved to make a ſpeedy amends, and the following day eſcorted his two ſiſters to Llanberis. The ladies were mutually pleaſed with each other; and a preſſing invitation for the miſs Stanleys, to dine at Llanarth Hall, with their guardian, on the following Thurſday, was the conſequence of the viſit. Mr. Davis readily aſſenting, the invitation was accepted by the ladies, and on the day appointed they went.

Accompanied by Mr. Davis, and eſcorted by young Mordaunt, they reached Llanarth. Sir James and lady Mordaunt received them with great kindneſs. Her ladyſhip apologiſed

giſed for not having firſt paid her reſpects to them; but, being an invalide, ſhe hoped they would excuſe it. The day paſſed rapidly; all were alike pleaſed with each other. Sir James was a ſenſible and pleaſant old gentleman, though inflexibly obſtinate, and determined in his reſolutions. His lady, though grave, was not auſtere. She was poſſeſſed of a maſculine underſtanding, and uncommon powers of expreſſion. Her heart was feelingly alive to the diſtreſſes of the unfortunate, and her liberality was unbounded. She was the oracle of the poor, to whom ſhe was a generous benefactreſs. Her health was declining, but the powers of her mind were not enfeebled. She welcomed our party with all the ardour of an old friend. Won by the charms of youth and innocence, ſhe felt more than commonly intereſted for the

wards

wards of Mr. Davis. When ſhe underſtood they were orphans, that was an additional recommendation to her favour. The native elegance and ſweetneſs of their manners, the reſpectful tenderneſs with which they treated their guardian and each other, made her conceive a high opinion of them: this opinion ſtrengthened with acquaintance; and after they were known at Llanarth Hall, ſeldom a week paſſed without their viſiting there.

The miſs Mordaunts were ſenſible, amiable girls, but by no means handſome. Their minds, formed by their mother, were above the little feelings of envy; and their admiration of our heroines did as much honour to their heads as their hearts. The elder of theſe ladies was upon the eve of marriage with a wealthy and reſpectable baronet, who wiſely preferred ſenſe and good-

neſs

neſs to beauty. They conſidered the company of the miſs Stanleys as a great acquiſition to their ſociety; and if they were before charmed with their beauty and elegance, they were more and more delighted with them, as the excellencies of their hearts unfolded.

Howard Mordaunt ſaw this growing intimacy with delight: his own approbation now ſeemed ſanctioned by that of his family, and he gave himſelf up to all the fond hopes of a lover; for that he loved miſs Stanley, was now no longer to be doubted. His ſolicitude upon her account, his anxiety if ſhe were abſent, his thoughts continually fixed on her, convinced him, that love was the gueſt he had admitted. This paſſion, ſo pleaſing, yet ſo tormenting, he did not attempt to check: he conſidered her as a woman every way formed

to make him happy; and he gave himſelf up to all the fond hope, that ſhe would do ſo, inſpired. His ſiſters ſaw this growing attachment, and rallied him upon it; but, in his opinion, it was a ſubject too delicate to be ſpoken of lightly, and, when ſtarted, he generally left the room.

Miſs Mordaunts were fully convinced of the ſentiments their brother felt for Emma, and were curious to know her's for him; yet they conſidered it as indelicate and unfeeling, to rally her out of her ſentiments, and aſk them in confidence they could not: "We are the laſt people that will be told," ſaid Gertrude, "we ſhall never be able to judge." Accident, however, unravelled the ſecret, they were ſo deſirous of learning. Young Mordaunt was a lieutenant in the navy; and one day, when the party from Llanberis was dining at the Hall, the

ſervant

ſervant brought a letter for him. "It is from the admiralty," ſaid Howard; "if you will excuſe me, I will open it:" he did, and changed colour; then haſtily gave the letter to his father, who inadvertently read aloud the order for Howard to join his ſhip, at Spithead, in a week. Emma involuntarily laid down her knife and fork: ſhe became as pale as death, and turned ſo ſick, ſhe could, with difficulty, ſupport herſelf. Miſs Mordaunt ſaw her almoſt fainting, and gueſſing the cauſe, ſaid, "My dear Emma, come with me; I will apply a remedy to your finger; ſee, you have almoſt cut it to the bone:" then riſing, ſhe forced her away.

Emma was no ſooner out of the room, than, with the aſſiſtance of a little hartſhorn and water, ſhe recovered; but ſhe was ſo aſhamed of her weakneſs, that ſhe burſt into

into tears: ſhe felt all miſs Mordaunt's kindneſs, but ſhe felt alſo, that her ſecret was diſcovered. How to face the company again, ſhe knew not; or even how to lift up her head to the kind friend, that ſtood before her. That friend, however, entered into all her feelings; and, flinging her arms around her, whiſpered, "Be not aſhamed, my deareſt Emma, of an attachment to a worthy object; be aſſured, your ſecret is as ſafe with me, as in your own boſom: depend on my fidelity." She then left her, and returned again directly with ſome black ribbon, which having, as ſhe ſaid, for appearance ſake, tied round Emma's finger, they returned to the drawing-room.

In the ſurprize this ſudden order for Howard's departure had occaſioned, Emma eſcaped the obſervation of moſt of the

party. Mr. Davis, always watchful, always fearful of a growing attachment betwixt the young people, had ſeen her emotion, and ſeen it with the deepeſt concern. Her mother's unfortunate fate ruſhed upon his remembrance; and he ſecretly prayed her child might eſcape a ſimilar one. When he looked at her, as ſhe entered the room, he felt a thouſand anxieties on her account. He loved both her and her ſiſter as his children; and this love they returned with ſuch tenderneſs, that he felt their being unhappy, would make him miſerable. He conſidered them as the only objects, for which he wiſhed to live; and to ſerve them he would willingly have died. He knew them to be the immediate heireſſes of a wealthy nobleman, who, though he at preſent diſowned, might, on ſome future day, acknowledge them; and he judged the

pride

pride of lord Delmore would not be gratified by his grand-daughter's marriage with a lieutenant in the navy, though he was heir to a baronetcy. He feared he had too long delayed placing the manuſcript of her mother in her hands. This he immediately reſolved to do upon their return home, that ſhe might no longer remain in ignorance of her family, and by that means plead an excuſe for any raſh ſtep, of which ſhe might be guilty.

Far different were the feelings of Howard upon this occaſion: he had watched her from the moment he gave the letter to his father, and his hopes told him whence her emotions ſprung. Much as he rejoiced at it, he was too delicate, and had too great a command over himſelf, to appear to obſerve it, though the tranſport, with which his heart bounded, could hardly be re-

preſſed. His eyes, however, were not ſo obedient; they ſpoke a language there was no miſtaking. His father obſerved it, but attributing it to another cauſe, ſaid, "You pay us no great compliment, Howard, by the extreme ſatisfaction that beams in your countenance upon this recal to your ſhip. I grant the proſpect of future glory to a young man may have it's charms; but the fair ladies preſent would be better pleaſed, to ſee you more intereſted about them, than to wear an appearance of joy at the proſpect of quitting us." This remark cauſed a bluſh on the cheeks of Emma, and made Howard more cautious. The rapture of his heart he found it difficult to reſtrain, and he longed to tell his miſtreſs of his love for her; but the fear ever attendant on a reſpectful and virtuous paſſion for the preſent withheld him. His

actions,

actions, however, convinced her of what his tongue had not yet uttered; and her own heart felt ſcarcely leſs pleaſure at the thought of being the beloved of his, than his did, when he traced the emotion, that had given him ſuch hopes of being the favourite of her's.

Lady Mordaunt, who was a great favourite of Mr. Davis, preſſed him to allow his wards, to ſpend the remainder of the time, her ſon had to ſtay with them, at the Hall. To this requeſt he knew not how to accede. He ſaw Emma on the brink of a precipice, from which he thought himſelf only capable of preventing her fall. For this reaſon he would have declined a compliance; but unable to withſtand the intreaties of the worthy and reſpectable lady Mordaunt, and the eager ſolicitations of her daughters, with the be-

ſeeching looks of his two young friends, he gave up the point, and returned to Llanberis without them. He complied, however, againſt his better judgment; and when he reflected on the ſubject, he was angry with himſelf, that he had not been more firm. As it was, he determined to uſe the privilege of a friend, and be as much at the Hall as poſſible. He dreaded the knowledge of Howard's departure might ſo far ſoften the mind of Emma in his favour, that ſhe might be induced to give him a promiſe of marriage; while he always looked forward to the day, when his children, as he called them, ſhould be publicly acknowledged as grand-daughters to the earl of Delmore. This hope forbad him to give an encouragement to a lover for either of them. "Were I their father," he would ſay to himſelf, "and a man of the firſt

conſideration in the kingdom, I ſhould with pride and pleaſure beſtow Emma upon one ſo worthy of her; but, ſituate as ſhe is, I cannot think ſhe is at liberty to form a connexion of ſuch a kind while her grandfather lives. She muſt now ſoon know to whom ſhe is allied, and a lapſe of duty, on her ſide, would be deemed unpardonable."

In purſuance of his plan, he was every day at the Hall, ſaying, by way of apology, that as ſir James and lady Mordaunt had taken his companions from him, they muſt, in pity to his forlorn ſituation, ſuffer him to follow them. He could not, however, be always there, the neceſſary calls of buſineſs frequently obliging him to make his viſits very ſhort. The attachment between the young folks became ſo viſible, that ſir James and lady Mordaunt had each

mentioned it to the other. Miſs Stanley was preciſely the kind of woman they wiſhed for as a wife for their ſon; but ſir James was not rich, and therefore deemed it neceſſary for Howard to marry a woman of fortune. They were perſuaded, that the miſs Stanleys were not without fortune, though they did not exactly know the ſum. Fame, indeed, had magnified it to at leaſt double it's real amount; but this, though conſiderable, would not have been ſufficient for their views. Sir James Mordaunt was too liberal to be prudent; and having two daughters to portion, he felt himſelf under a neceſſity of robbing the eſtate, which, upon his death, would devolve to his ſon. Riches, therefore, in a wife for that ſon, appeared to him abſolutely neceſſary, and without this eſſential he muſt not think of marriage. Howard,

in

in giving way to the affection he felt for Emma, did not conſider this point: to obtain her, he would have made any ſacrifice; and in poſſeſſion of her, riches were to him but a ſecondary conſideration. Unfortunately, he had little hopes of naval promotion, his father being decidedly againſt the miniſtry, ſo that all proſpect of his advancement in that line was very remote.

In the ſociety of a beloved object time flew with rapid wings, and ere one day ſeemed gone, the fourth was at an end. Mr. Davis came, as uſual, on the fifth, and, much to the ſurpriſe of Emma and Mary, with him came George Ferguſon, who had that morning arrived at Llanberis. He was rejoiced to ſee his fair friends, and that joy was viſible in every feature of his countenance. He complimented them on their

improved looks. With the increaſing beauty of both he was much ſtruck, particularly with Emma's; the love, that animated her heart, added vivacity to her countenance, and took from the natural reſerve of her diſpoſition. George ſaw it with ſurprize; and the admiration he before felt for her was now heightened by the only perfection, which he thought her beauty wanted. He freely ſpoke his ſentiments, and declared how much the eaſineſs of her manners and converſation had added charms to her perſon. In ſhort, his approbation was ſo pointedly expreſſed, that Mordaunt, for the firſt time, felt jealouſy to be inſeparable from love. He had never yet declared himſelf to Emma; and he now doubted, as he contemplated the pleaſure, which ſat upon her features, when ſhe received George Ferguſon, whether ſhe had ever felt a preference

ference for him. A thouſand diſagreeable ſurmiſes took poſſeſſion of his mind, and he felt this as the only unpleaſant day, that he had ever paſſed in her company. The pleaſure, which always gladdens a warm heart upon the arrival of an old friend, ſparkled in the eyes of Emma; and that ſenſibility, for which ſhe was ſo much noticed, made her give ſuch a welcome to George Ferguſon, as to an indifferent ſpectator would have left little room to doubt the cauſe, whence that welcome ſprung. Even Mr. Davis began to waver: he thought, that ſomething more than friendſhip muſt have dictated the lively emotions, ſo viſible in her addreſs. The affection, with which ſhe inquired after Mr. and Mrs. Ferguſon and Emily, was attributed to a different ſource by her lover; and the fabric of hope, which he had ſo anxiouſly

reared, now fell to the ground: he grew ſilent, melancholy, and dejected; his fine ſpirits were all loſt in the jealous fears, which probed his breaſt.

Emma was ſo much taken up with inquiries concerning her London friends, that ſhe ſcarcely obſerved the change; but miſs Mordaunts, to whom nothing was indifferent, that concerned their brother, ſaw it, and endeavoured to change the diſcourſe. They ſucceeded ſo effectually, that Emma, calling from George the attentions, which had ſo much delighted him, ſaw, with concern, this alteration in the features of Howard. She feared he was unwell; and, kindly going up to him, aſked, in a tone expreſſive of feeling, what ailed him; had he the head-ach? if ſo, ſhe would lend him her ſalts, which were a certain ſpecific.

He

He took the offered bottle, kiſſed it, and put it into his boſom, ſaying, they would communicate eaſe there. Emma reddened; ſhe ſaw, in a moment, to what his apparent indiſpoſition was owing, and turned away, ſaying, ſhe had no remedies but for the head. "Cruel miſs Stanley," returned Howard, "you know you have the power; then why deny it? Would you be thus unkind to all this company? Oh no! there is one to whom, I am ſure, you would adminiſter inſtantaneous relief."

Emma was piqued and affronted, that he ſhould ſuppoſe ſhe was attached to George, and, diſdaining to ſet him right, joined the reſt of the party. That evening they ſcarcely ſpoke to each other: they were mutually offended, and both too much diſpirited, to enter into converſation. George, however, ſupplied the deficiency: his

his vivacity, always extreme, knew no bounds: he ſought and made occaſions, to enter into converſation with Emma; talked of his father, his mother, his ſiſter, the diverſions of the town; and flew with ſuch rapidity from one ſubject to the other, that left no room for any other perſon's diſcourſe. Hence the ſilence of Howard and Emma was little noticed; and they were both too much wrapped in the gloom of their own thoughts, to attend to trifles. Night, however, ſeparating them, the events of the day were to be canvaſſed in ſolitude. From Emma, the thought of appearing light, or coquettiſh, in the eyes of Howard, took away all inclination to ſleep; while the idea of George Ferguſon's being a favoured lover haunted the mind of Howard, and racked him with jealouſy and deſpair. Thus his night was ſpent in watchfulneſs:

he

he roſe early, and was ſurpriſed, upon entering the parlour, to find Emma there.

She had but juſt entered it. Her agitation, at the ſight of Howard, was extreme. She would have retreated, but he prevented her, by laying hold of her hands, and begging her not to withdraw. He wiſhed to ſpeak to her, and ſolicited a patient hearing. The uneaſineſs ſo viſible in his countenance took from Emma even the appearance of diſpleaſure; and recollecting, that this was the laſt day he had to remain with them, with the uncertainty of their ever meeting again, ſhe determined to liſten to whatever he had to ſay.

He aſked her pardon for having offended her; begged her to forgive whatever ſhe might have ſeen ſtrange or trifling in his behaviour; and concluded his diſcourſe, by declaring the ſentiments of his heart.

Emma

Emma ſat in the greateſt conſternation, though ſhe had every reaſon to expect this declaration; yet now, when it was actually made, it took from her all power of articulation. She ſcarcely reſpired, and the colour alternately fluſhed and fled her face. She loved Mordaunt; and the delight ſhe felt at receiving this declaration from him can only be felt by thoſe, who have been in a ſimilar ſituation; yet, fearful of ſhowing it, ſhe affected a coldneſs foreign to her heart; a coldneſs, which convinced her lover, that there was ſome more favoured object.

In an inſtant he changed his ſtyle, and evidently ſtruggled to addreſs her with the apathy, with which ſhe treated him. Ferguſon again occurred to his mind; and again all the pangs of jealouſy tore his boſom. "I ſee, madam," he ſaid, "to whom

whom I am indebted for the cool reception you give me; for the exceſſive haughtineſs, with which you look upon me, and the diſdain, with which you treat my affection: but be happy," he continued, in a dejected tone of voice; "be aſſured, I love you too well, to break your repoſe by my folly. To-morrow I quit this place: we may never meet more. I leave you in poſſeſſion of a heart devoted to you, too much ſo ever to admit a ſecond object to have place in it. You may, ſome time or other, even when you ſhall have made your favoured Ferguſon the happy huſband of your choice, honour me with a thought; let it be, then, that, to contribute to your happineſs, I would willingly die."

He bowed to her, and was about to quit the room; but Emma, ſtruck by his manner, ſaid, "Stop, ſtop, ſir! I conjure you,

do

do not leave me under the idea of feeling a preference for Mr. George Ferguſon: be aſſured, he never was, never can be, any thing to me: he is the fartheſt in the world from my thoughts, and almoſt an object of my diſlike." She then roſe to go; but Howard, gathering hope from this confeſſion, again urged his ſuit, and at length obtained from her an acknowledgment of her eſteem. He was now as much elated with joy, as before he had been depreſſed by deſpair. He dwelt upon the words, as they eſcaped her lips, and forced her to repeat them; while Emma, fearful ſhe had done wrong by this confeſſion of her ſentiments, was as anxious to eſcape from him.

This, with much difficulty, ſhe effected; and, returning to her chamber, revolved the occurrences of the morning in her mind.

mind. Upon review of what had paſſed, ſhe was not pleaſed with herſelf. She conceived, ſhe had infringed the laws of delicacy, in having undeceived him reſpecting George Ferguſon; yet, that he ſhould leave Llanarth under ſuch an impreſſion, was ſtill worſe. "And what avails this declaration?" ſaid ſhe to herſelf: "ſituate as he is, he ought not to think of marrying; and my fortune, were he differently circumſtanced, is much too ſmall to anſwer the views his father entertains for him: it had been far better, had we parted under the idea of mutual indifference."

The ſecond ſummons had been given for breakfaſt, ere ſhe again ventured to deſcend. She was aſhamed of encountering the looks of her lover; and the beautiful conſciouſneſs, that overſpread her face, added new charms to it. He ſaw and felt

it,

it, and adored her more for it.—The idea of the approaching parting ſaddened every heart, and ſpoke in every countenance. Howard Mordaunt was the moſt dutiful of ſons, and affectionate of brothers. His abſence would not only be regretted, but lamented; and the chaſm the loſs of his ſociety would make in their little family circle could not be ſupplied ſo pleaſantly by any other. Even ſir James was overpowered by the thought, that the chance of war, the danger of an uncertain element, or the more dreadful horrours of that peſtilential diſeaſe, which had ſo long been the deſtruction of europeans, and which ſtill raged with ſuch violence in that part of the world, to which he feared his ſon would be ordered, might prevent his again ever ſeeing that darling child, to whom he looked for all the comfort of his latter days.

Lady

Lady Mordaunt was unable to conceal her feelings: as ſhe looked at her ſon; as ſhe contemplated the dangers, to which his profeſſion expoſed him; as ſhe reflected on her own ill ſtate of health, and the uncertainty, whether ſhe ſhould again be permitted to ſee the pride and glory of her age; ſhe was filled with deſpair. How did her maternal heart throb with anguiſh, and her eyes fill with tears! to give way to which ſhe frequently left the room.

The day ſeemed to fly. At night they were to part; for Howard was to ſet off by five the enſuing morning. "How ſhall I go through it?" ſaid Emma; "how ſhall I conceal the emotions, which wring my heart? how take leave of him I love, and by whom I am beloved, without betraying to his friends the real feelings of my heart?" In vain ſhe endeavoured to ſtrengthen her mind

mind againſt the ſoftneſs which ſtole upon her: her agitation became almoſt uncontrollable: it was with difficulty ſhe could ſupport herſelf.

At ſupper, when this party were to meet perhaps for the laſt time, all endeavoured to conceal their feelings from each other; but the very endeavour betrayed the attempt. Lady Mordaunt took her ſon out of the room, and detained him above an hour. When they returned, the eyes of the mother ſhowed what had paſſed, and the tender leave ſhe had been taking of him. Sir James and Mr. Davis were to accompany him as far as Caermarthen, where the former had buſineſs, which induced Howard to take that road; the parting therefore betwixt the father and the ſon was deferred. When he advanced to take leave of his ſiſters, they flung themſelves, weeping, on

his neck, and uttered a thouſand prayers for his ſafety.

How did Emma wiſh, when ſhe ſaw this, for the privilege of a ſiſter, that ſhe might ſay half the kind things her heart dictated! She ſtruggled, to ſuppreſs the anguiſh with which her boſom was burſting; and ſhe ſo far conquered, as to be able to ſtand, and receive his adieus. He took her hands, which were cold as marble, bowed over them, and eſſayed to ſpeak. His voice failed; he could not, at that moment, articulate a ſentence. His looks, however, were not ſo unexpreſſive; they ſpoke moſt forcibly the language of his heart. At length, after a minute's recollection, he raiſed her hands to his lips, and ſaid, "All happineſs attend you, my deareſt miſs Stanley; happineſs, ſuch as your utmoſt wiſhes

can

can form, and ſuch as will inſure your temporal and eternal felicity."

He then ſhook hands with George, kiſſed Mary, gave her a hundred kind wiſhes, and again advancing to Emma, ſaid haſtily, "Should I never ſee you again, ſhould this be our laſt interview——." He ſtopped; the ſuppoſition was too much for him. He again preſſed her hand to his lips, and, without further noticing any one, quitted the room.

Emma had hitherto ſupported herſelf like a heroine; but the object, which had buoyed up her ſpirits, was gone, and with him departed all the heroiſm of her ſoul. Unable longer to ſuſtain the agony of her heart, ſhe ſunk, fainting, into a chair, that was beſide her. In an inſtant ſhe was the only object of attention: remedies were admi-

adminiſtered, which, for a time, proved ineffectual. Lady Mordaunt, judging from what cauſe this diſorder aroſe, was anxious to conceal the knowledge of it from her ſon, that it might not diſtreſs him more; had her conveyed quietly up ſtairs, and, ſitting down by her, watched her with the tendereſt anxiety, till ſeeing ſhe was recovering, and fearing the ſight of her might agitate her too much, ſhe gave up her place to her daughter.

Emma was overwhelmed with ſhame and confuſion: "How can I ſhow my face to any part of your family?" ſaid ſhe: "Shall I not incur their diſpleaſure by my preſumptuous boldneſs? will they not hate and deſpiſe me for my forwardneſs? Oh let me return to my kind Mr. Davis! let me hide my ſhame in ſolitude! never again can I bear to look at your friends!" Miſs Mor-

daunt ſoothed and comforted her with the kindeſt affection, and ſo effectually, that before morning ſhe became tolerably calm. Though longing to ſee Howard again before he went, that ſhe might aſſure him of her good wiſhes, ſhe dared not truſt another interview: as to another parting ſcene ſhe felt herſelf unequal. Sleep had again forſaken her eyes, and ſhe met the reſt of the party at breakfaſt with a pale and dejected countenance. The vacant ſeats of Howard and ſir James ſtruck her ſight, and had nearly overcome her; but, reſolved to betray no farther proofs of weakneſs, ſhe bore up againſt every attack of her feelings. No farther notice was taken of her illneſs, or it's cauſe; and ſhe ſoon became reaſſured.

As George Ferguſon was not of the party to Caermarthen, he came uninvited to the

Hall.

Hall. To all except Emma his company was a relief; but the idea of Howard ſo filled her mind, that to all the attentions of George ſhe was inſenſible. This young man was by no means ſorry for the departure of Howard: in him he ſaw a dangerous and favoured rival, whoſe abſence afforded a hope, that his attentions, and endeavours to pleaſe, might turn the thoughts of Emma on himſelf. Short as the time was ſince he had been at Llanberis, the admiration he before had for Emma had blown into a flame, and he was ready to tell her how much he was her ſlave. As uſual, ſhe was the chief perſon to whom he addreſſed himſelf; all his particular attentions were paid to her: the idea, however, of the jealouſy he had been the means of raiſing in the breaſt of Howard made her cautious in her conduct to him; and as ſhe

had no deſire to be thought of in any other light than his friend, his aſſiduities were rather irkſome than pleaſant.

He viſited there every day, till the party from Caermarthen returned. His lively and agreeable converſation made him a deſirable companion, and he was always a welcome gueſt. His preference to Emma ſoon became viſible, and ſhe with pain witneſſed it. Her heart was devoted to Howard; and ſhe felt it as an offence to his love, that another ſhould entertain her on the ſubject; ſhe therefore cautiouſly avoided being alone with George, who, by degrees, began to be quite diſagreeable to her.

On the arrival of Mr. Davis, Emma and Mary returned, not without great reluctance on the part of their friends, to Llanberis. Lady Mordaunt felt almoſt a mother's

ther's affection for them: the love, that Emma bore her ſon, endeared her ſtill more to her heart; and though ſhe knew it would be imprudent, that a marriage ſhould take place, ſhe could not help wiſhing, that ſome fortunate circumſtance might occur, to render an union between them eligible, and give to her ſon's and her own wiſhes a woman ſo calculated to promote his happineſs.

With the trueſt concern Mr. Davis had watched the progreſs of love in the heart of Emma, and hourly regretted having been induced to leave his wards at Llanarth. Howard, previous to their ſeparation at Caermarthen, had made him acquainted with the ſtate of his heart, and ſolicited his intereſt and approbation; but Mr. Davis gave him no encouragement; telling him, that miſs Stanley had other friends to con-

ſult, before ſhe muſt engage in matrimony; and ſhe was yet ſo young, that no part of her connexions would approve, for ſome years, ſuch a ſtep: he endeavoured to laugh it off, obſerving, that new objects would ſoon ſubdue his affections, and fix them elſewhere.

"Subdue my affections!" returned Howard indignantly; "no, ſir, that can never be: I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf were I capable of placing them ſo lightly, that a change of objects could weaken them: no, no, ſir; the honeſt affection my heart boaſts for miſs Stanley is it's greateſt pride, it's glory; it will lead me to honour and to fame; will animate me in danger, will ſoothe me in diſtreſs, and, if deprived of every other comfort, it would ſtrengthen my ſick ſoul by it's purity; the hope of it's reward is the richeſt prize to which my heart looks.

Do

Do not, then, my dear ſir, think ſo meanly of me, and I may ſay of your ward's perfections, as to ſuppoſe the impreſſion they make can fail to be indelible."

Mr. Davis, though he affected to rally off the idea of his being firmly attached to Emma, and to treat his love as the effect of the mere gallantry of the moment, was grieved for him, knowing the little proſpect there was of their being united; and hourly lamented the chance, that had firſt introduced them to the knowledge of each other. Now that miſs Stanley had returned to Llanberis, her friend watched her every action, and with ſincere regret perceived, that her affections were immoveably fixed. She was dejected, ſilent, and melancholy: with her lover had fled all her taſte for amuſements and pleaſure: all the happineſs ſhe had enjoyed in his ſociety was loſt; and

the uncertainty of the ocean, the numberleſs dangers with which he had to contend, were the only thoughts upon which her mind reſted: a total liſtleſſneſs and apathy had taken poſſeſſion of her; and ſhe walked, rode, or worked, as things ſhe was obliged to perform, not as being ſources of amuſement.

Again Mr. Davis thought of placing the manuſcript in her hands, again he wavered. "Why ſhould I make her more unhappy than ſhe is? ſhe has yet infringed no duty; ſhe has acted only as is natural to her age. I only am to blame: I have done wrong: I have neglected what her dying mother deſired. Had I but ſuffered her to peruſe this manuſcript, ſhe would have known to whom ſhe belonged, and how little right ſhe had to diſpoſe of her affections; but now, thrown off and diſcarded by her natural

natural relations, who ſhall ſay ſhe has no right to diſpoſe of herſelf? Muſt ſhe be prevented from beſtowing her hand upon a worthy object, and paſs her life in ſolitary ſingleneſs, becauſe there is a chance, that her cruel grandfather may one day own her? Unreaſonable! I will no longer oppoſe this match; I will rather forward that, which, I am ſure, will promote the happineſs of both: let but ſir James propoſe it, and my hearty concurrence ſhall follow."

Mr. Davis was here greatly diſappointed: ſir James Mordaunt, though he loved his ſon with all the tenderneſs ſuch a ſon deſerved, was not eager, from the reaſons already mentioned, to promote a match, which, without ſome more certain proſpect of accumulated wealth, he conceived imprudent: he therefore, although his ſon had anxiouſly ſought occaſion to ſpeak with

him, had as ſtudiouſly avoided coming to an explanation. He regretted as much as Mr. Davis the ſituation of the young folks; but truſting, that time and abſence would cure their predilection in favour of each other, was perfectly content.

Time now dragged heavily on with Emma, notwithſtanding George Ferguſon exerted himſelf to ſupply Howard's place. In the houſe, in company, he may, thought Emma; but in my heart it is impoſſible. To her his attentions became intolerable; and though he was all aſſiduity and complaiſance, he was nevertheleſs an object of total indifference, nay, almoſt averſion, to her.

The evenings, for it was the middle of november, were long and cold: winter had ravaged from the earth all it's beauties, and the comforts of a domeſtic circle, round a cheerful

cheerful fire, were all that could be now enjoyed. For two months George had partaken all the pleaſures, which the hoſpitality of Mr. Davis could procure, when a letter from his father, encloſing one to miſs Stanleys, preſſing their return to London with his ſon, who was ordered to quit Llanberis in a few days, was preſented.

This invitation, they conceived, amounted to a command; and with unfeigned ſorrow communicated it to Mr. Davis, who, on his part, felt more than he could expreſs. He heſitated not, however, in begging them to comply; for he hoped, that change of ſcene, company, and diverſions of the town, would ſoon recover Emma's loſt ſpirits. He hoped alſo, that, being at a diſtance from places, which ſerved to remind her of her lover, would deaden his idea, which every object at Llanberis and it's neigh-

bourhood ſerved to cheriſh. He therefore readily concurred, and they prepared to attend Mr. Ferguſon's invitation.

Previous to their leaving Wales, they once more viſited Tregwyllynd. They alſo ſpent a day at Llanarth, as a parting one, with their friends. The weather having been ſuch, that they could not, for ſome time paſt, meet, they now learned with pleaſure, that ſir James and his family were to be in town immediately after Chriſtmas. They heard, too, with ſtill more pleaſure on the part of Emma, that Howard was expected to join them there, as his ſhip would probably be ſtationed at the Nore, for the winter, the orders for it's ſailing to the Weſt Indies having been countermanded. This was to his miſtreſs the moſt delightful intelligence ſhe could receive, as it relieved her from half the ſorrow, which

the

the idea of quitting places ſo beloved had occaſioned.

As Emma revolved this intelligence in her mind, ſhe conſidered ſhe ſhould have an opportunity of proving the ſtrength of Howard's attachment to her. "I ſhall ſee him," ſhe ſaid, "not as formerly, where I was almoſt the only young woman in company, that could, with propriety, engroſs his attention: no; when we again meet, he will be ſurrounded with beauty, wealth, and faſhion: that will be the time to prove the truth of his pretenſions; I ſhall then ſee whether his affections be real, or the mere effect of gallantry."

The day at length arrived, when they were to leave their fatherly friend, Mr. Davis. The morning ſaw them low ſpirited and unhappy at the thoughts of parting with him. To their great aſtoniſhment

he

he entered the parlour booted and ſpurred, and informed them, that he had ſo arranged his concerns, as to be able himſelf to accompany them to London. This was the greateſt favour he could do them: they felt themſelves ſo unequal to the taſk of parting with him, that they were glad of any thing, that would poſtpone it.

Their journey was performed without any occurrence worthy notice, and they arrived in Bedford-row ſafe and well. They were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Ferguſon with great kindneſs, and by Emily with every appearance of joy. While Mr. Davis continued in town, they partook of no amuſement except a play. His ſtay did not exceed a fortnight. At parting he took them into another room, and ſolemnly addreſſing them, placed in the hands of Emma the packet committed to his care. "Take it, my dear girls," he ſaid, "and

read

read it with attention; it will inform you to whom you are indebted for your exiſtence. Though you may condemn, do not deſpiſe ſome of the objects brought forward to your notice: and remember, while you weep for the ſufferings of your mother, to reflect, that ſhe brought them on herſelf: ſeverely ſhe repented of them, and many were the woes ſhe endured; but," and he ſighed deeply, "ſhe is now gone; ſhe is reaping the reward of her piety and penitence. Avoid her faults, and emulate her virtues. Learn from her ſtory the ill effects of giving away your affections, before you have conſidered the worthineſs of the object; and take the opinion of your friends, ere you venture to make an engagement, that ends but with life.

"The peruſal of this manuſcript will occaſion you much wonder and ſurpriſe. To

ſee

ſee yourſelves related as you are, may make you form hopes, that I fear will be nothing more. It is ſtill neceſſary, that you are known but as you appear at preſent: perhaps, at ſome future time, who you really are may be known to the world; but till that time arrives, or without farther permiſſion, you muſt remain Emma and Mary Stanley. I know you are above aſſuming to yourſelves any importance, upon what this manuſcript will unfold, and it would prejudice your cauſe.

"I have ſeveral times, my dear Emma," continued her friend, particularly addreſſing himſelf to her, "been on the point of delivering this paper to you, as I hoped it would prevent your forming, at leaſt for the preſent, any engagement; but as I conceive the choice your heart has made" (here Emma bluſhed deeply, and betrayed the utmoſt

utmoſt confuſion) " to be a worthy one, I rather choſe to truſt to time for the completion of circumſtances, that may promote your union, than urge you to conquer your affections. Should it, however, and this is not improbable, wear off; ſhould you ſee any other, to whom you may feel more partial, be cautious to inveſtigate his character. Remember, both of you are anſwerable to others, beſide yourſelves, for your conduct in this particular; and remember ſtill more, that on the worthineſs of your choice depends the happineſs of your future lives; therefore, my dear children, weigh well, and conſider, before you ſuffer paſſion to miſlead judgment. Remember alſo, that you have ſtill a grandfather, who may, one day or other, adopt, or totally diſregard you: but this muſt materially depend on your own conduct, which,

if

if conſiſtent with virtue, will, at all events, inſure you happineſs: if not ——; but this I cannot ſuppoſe; I know you too well to admit a doubt, that you will be all the fondeſt wiſhes a parent could hope.—Conſider me at all times as a parent, and my houſe as yours. Should any circumſtance ariſe, to make your preſent reſidence diſagreeable to you, my houſe, my arms, are always open to you. Remember, therefore, while I live, you have a faithful and ſteady friend, ready at all times to ſhare your joys and ſorrows, and who will always counſel you, to the beſt of his abilities, ſhould any circumſtance ariſe to make counſel neceſſary." Then kiſſing and bleſſing them, as they ſtood drowned in tears, he departed.

For a while their ſorrow at their friend's departure overpowered even their curioſity,

which

which they could not immediately ſatisfy, common civility requiring, that they ſhould remain ſome time with Mrs. Ferguſon: at length, releaſed from their attendance on her, and having ſhaken off Emily, they retired to their own room, opened the manuſcript, and read as follows.

"MANUSCRIPT.

"UNCERTAIN into whoſe hands this narrative of my unfortunate life may be committed, or who may be found generous enough to fulfil the deſires of the writer, ſhe is fearful how to commence a taſk at once arduous and painful.

"To her father ſhe dares not addreſs herſelf; and what other relative has ſhe ſufficiently intereſted in her behalf, to care for her juſtification? alas! by that name

ſhe

ſhe ought not to call it, for what can juſtify her diſobedience?

"Yet truſting, that the children of the unfortunate writer may one day ſee this melancholy memorial of her imprudencies and ſufferings, to thoſe dear objects of her tendereſt affections and ſolicitudes ſhe particularly addreſſes it, as a warning againſt the miſeries a breach of duty produces; as a warning againſt an accumulation of ills, ſorrows, and ſufferings.

"Oh, my children! let my misfortunes ſerve as a leſſon to you! To avoid my ſufferings, you muſt forſwear my faults. Behold me, at an early age, ſinking under the weight of a father's diſpleaſure, which condemns me to the tomb. Be warned by my errours, and ſhun the commiſſion of faults, which have torn from me all hope of reconciliation with my father. Oh! could

could he look into that bed, which is now preparing for me, would he withhold his pardon, his laſt bleſſing?

"You, my children, will ſympathize with me, will feel for the ſorrows of your mother: the recollection of them almoſt harrows up my ſoul; yet, though the taſk of reciting them be painful to commence, and the ſcenes which have paſſed will be agonizing to review, I muſt ſubmit to it, as a penance due to my paſt follies.

"My father, the earl of Delmore, deſcended from a long line of illuſtrious anceſtors, married, when young, the heireſs of a family equally as ancient and reſpectable. For fifteen years I was the only offspring of their marriage, and was equally the darling of both parents. At this period my mother died, in giving birth to another

daughter

daughter, who lived but one hour. Previous to the death of my lamented mother I was ſummoned to her bed-ſide, where already ſtood my father, the picture of deſpair. With her laſt breath did ſhe enjoin me to obedience; to watch over the declining years of my ſurviving parent; to ſoften his griefs, to ſoothe his ſorrows, and to prove myſelf, by my tenderneſs and ſubmiſſion to his will, her daughter. In broken and faltering accents I faithfully promiſed, to be all ſhe wiſhed. To my father, who was overcome with grief, ſhe recommended me; conjuring him, not again to think of uniting himſelf to any woman, while I remained ſingle. This he promiſed; when, after trying to ſoothe his emotion, aſſuring him ſhe died happy in his affections, and that ſhe was only going to exchange one felicity for another, and bleſſing and pray-

ing for us, ſhe ſunk into the arms of her Creator.

"By her death I came not only into poſſeſſion of her jointure, but an annuity of 400l. per annum, which a maiden aunt had ſecured upon her's and my life, free from the power of her huſband, and under the ſame reſtriction to myſelf, in caſe I married. I mention this circumſtance merely to point out the ill effects of ſuch an improvident ſecurity, which, though well meant, was among the chief cauſes of the miſeries I have ſince endured.—But to continue my ſtory.—

"Our grief for her loſs was undeſcribable. Lord Aubourg, my father's brother, found it neceſſary to draw us from the houſe, where this melancholy event had taken place. At his intreaties we accompanied him to his ſeat in Norfolk. There we

we paſſed four months in all the privacy of retirement; there, but for the irreparable loſs I had ſuſtained, I ſhould have been happy. Since this memorable time ſhort have been my felicities, long and painful my ſorrows. Here, innocent and artleſs, I rambled through the ſhades of this delightful place: here, with a heart void of care, and gayly alive to enjoyment, I lay down to repoſe, and awoke to happineſs. But tranſient were all my pleaſures; the privacy of our retirement, the comfort of our domeſtic circle, was broken into by the arrival of my couſin Aulange from his travels.

"Our former plan of life could no longer be purſued; for the houſe was continually filled with company. Among the moſt intimate friends of Mr. Aulange was the marquis of Monceath. This young nobleman was elegant in his perſon, courteous

in

in his addreſs, and of ſo prepoſſeſſing an exteriour, that few ladies, who ſaw him, but were ſolicitous to gain his attentions, and proud to be noticed by him. To me he was particularly attentive; and, young as I was, I ſoon judged, that I was not indifferent to him. My couſin, too, noticed me in ſo particular a manner, that a growing attachment became viſible to every one. My aunt approved of his choice, and my father openly expreſſed his approbation. I ſoon became the favoured object of both theſe young men; but to neither of them did I feel any particular prepoſſeſſion. Mr. Aulange wanted that elegance of manners, that ſoftneſs of addreſs, which ſo forcibly recommended the marquis; while he was too profeſſed a free-thinker, too much the libertine man of faſhion, to pleaſe a young girl, who had

been brought up almoſt in retirement. He endeavoured before my father to put a curb upon his expreſſions; while my aunt, with whom he was a great favourite, laughed at them, as the effect of a lively imagination, and quick turn of thought. Even in his moſt ſerious moments the levity of his principles would ſhow itſelf; and I was often ſhocked at the libertiniſm of thoſe ſentiments, which he, at times, unguardedly betrayed. His attentions, which to moſt would have been flattering, to me were irkſome.

"From friends, my couſin and the marquis became rivals. The former was countenanced by my relations, to whom a marriage betwixt us would have been very deſirable. This was our ſituation, when lady Aulange, as I was riſing from my chair one morning after breakfaſt, requeſted

queſted my company in her dreſſing-room.

"I followed her, and was ſcarcely ſeated, when ſhe informed me of my couſin's attachment; declaring, that ſhe was rejoiced he had fixed his affections upon one, whom ſhe could ſo ſincerely approve, and ſo tenderly loved. She concluded her harangue with obſerving, what riſks young women ran, who were left, at ſo early an age as I was, to their own guidance: told me how fortunate I might eſteem myſelf, in having ſecured the affections of a young man, who was every way ſo unexceptionable as my couſin; and, truſting to his merits, and my compliance with the wiſhes of my father and friends, ſhe felt aſſured I ſhould give him ſuch prudent encouragement, as would be deemed ſufficient to ſatisfy a rational lover. She added, that the pride

ſhe felt in the proſpect of our union, made her anxious, as well as her ſon, to ſee it's completion; and as no obſtacle impeded, except the recent loſs of my mother, ſhe thought the ſooner his devoirs were made public, the better, as it would keep off other lovers, and convince the world, that I had no wiſh to be attended by danglers, who were the moſt dangerous followers, with whom a young woman could be ſeen.

"I was ſo confounded at this intelligence, that it was ſome time before I had power to reply. From my ſilence, my aunt concluded I was not averſe to her propoſal; ſo that ſhe continued talking, and ſettling things, as her fancy directed, till, I ſuppoſe, ſtruck by the ſurprize viſible in my face, ſhe condeſcended to aſk me what I thought of it.

"My

"My recollection now returned. I thanked her, and her ſon, for their flattering opinion of me; but, at preſent, I had no thoughts of matrimony; I was yet too young, to take upon me the cares incumbent on a married life; and as, beyond the friendſhip due from one relation to another, I felt no particular prepoſſeſſion for my couſin, I ſhould be ſorry if he threw away his time upon me, as my heart had never yet acknowledged any particular owner.

'Romantic!' exclaimed my aunt: 'your heart has not felt any particular prepoſſeſſion at preſent; it may not; but the attention of ſo fine a young man as Mr. Aulange, will, no doubt, in time, claim ſuch a portion of your eſteem, as will engage your affection in return.'

"I aſſured her, that no otherwiſe than as a relation could I ever be brought to look

upon her ſon: I hoped, therefore, ſhe would not again urge the ſubject, as it would be diſagreeable to me not to act in conformity with the wiſhes of her and all my friends; but, in this caſe, I felt it impoſſible to do as they required, and I hoped I ſhould not again be ſpoken to on the ſubject.

"Lady Aulange, who was a very haughty woman, ſilenced me immediately; and, in very ſevere terms, reprobated her own condeſcenſion, for having treated as a woman one, who was yet too much a child, to be permitted having a negative voice. She told me, ſhe was far from ſurprized at my conduct, as my mother had brought me up in ſuch a manner, and with ſo great a degree of indulgence to my wiſhes, as left me too much a will of my own; but now, that ſhe was no more, I muſt ſtudy another leſſon, that of implicit obedience to the

will

will of my father. She farther told me, ſhe ſhould not repeat any part of our converſation either to her ſon or the earl; but ſhould expect, that I would, without farther heſitation, accept her ſon, as the man deſtined to be my huſband. Under this expectation ſhe ſhould overlook what had paſſed; aſſuring me, at the ſame time, that a cheerful and ready acquieſcence on my ſide would reflect more credit on me, than all the reſiſtance I could make. She then withdrew.

" For ſome minutes I remained in an agony of thought. The ſubject of this conference had not, at that time, made ſuch impreſſion on me, as the very auſtere manner, in which my aunt had treated me; a manner, to me, uſed only to the tendereſt treatment, moſt ſtrange and unkind. In the diſtreſs in which my mind was involved,

I called upon the bleſſed ſpirit of my mother, to ſupport and aſſiſt me. Ah, how different would ſhe have delivered her commands! her tenderneſs would have found a thouſand ways of ſoftening the aſperity of my fate, even had I thus been forced to accept my couſin. I wept violently: already I ſaw myſelf the victim of my aunt's haughtineſs and pride, and my father's inflexibility: I well knew the power ſhe had over him, and I had every thing to dread from the way in which ſhe would uſe it.

"At dinner both my couſin and the marquis were preſent. The former led me to my ſeat with the air of an aſſured and accepted lover; while the exultation which ſat on his brow, the air of confidence with which he addreſſed me, the officiouſneſs of his manner, and the familiarity he thought

proper

proper to aſſume, rendered him, in my eyes, quite diſguſting. We ſat but a ſhort time at table, before my aunt propoſed withdrawing. I followed her, and was retiring to my own apartment; but ſhe ſtopped me, and deſired my company in the drawing-room.

" Here Mr. Aulange joined us. My aunt immediately withdrew, and he advanced towards me, congratulating himſelf on the happineſs of his preſent proſpects, ſaying, how fortunate he thought himſelf, in having ſuch beauty and merit allotted him. He aſſured me, that long before he quitted England he had admired and loved me, though then a child; but now, when the promiſe of infancy had grown into ſuch perfection, his admiration knew no bounds, and he was happy in being the lover and ſlave of ſuch

a woman as his lovely couſin. From this ſpecimen of his addreſs, it may be judged how fulſome and diſguſting his compliments were. He farther ſaid, that, as we had known each other from childhood, he hoped I ſhould not procraſtinate his happineſs by any unneceſſary delay; but prove to the world my approbation of the man my friends had ſelected for me, by fixing an early day for our union.

"Finding, from his converſation, that he imagined he had no obſtacle to encounter, and unwilling to give him hopes, which I never meant to realize, I told him, that my inclinations had not been conſulted in the affair: that, as they had hitherto ſettled every thing without my concurrence, I ſhould be much obliged to him, to conſider me as ſtill neuter in the buſineſs, ſince I was at preſent all I ever meant

to

to be to him; and the only favour I had to aſk of him, was, not to ſelect me as the object of an affection I could never return: to me he would always be indifferent; and I ſhould feel highly indebted to him, if he would withdraw his pretenſions, and ſeek ſome other lady, who might feel more diſpoſed to reward them.

'How can you, my lovely Selina,' he returned, 'ſolicit me to give up the faireſt proſpects of opening life? how can you intreat me to relinquiſh a prize, the richeſt my utmoſt ambition could expect to attain? No, madam, honoured as I am with the approbation of our friends, I cannot give up the hope, that time and aſſiduity may remove your preſent prejudices; and that, theſe done away, I may be rewarded with the hand and heart of the charming lady Selina.'

"I cannot now relate all that paſſed; ſuffice it to ſay, that he was obſtinately bent on purſuing me. For three months I was perſecuted inceſſantly on his account. During this time the marquis of Monceath declared his pretenſions to my favour, and, though he well knew my ſituation with regard to my couſin, actually ſolicited my father on my account; but as he was alſo an object of indifference to me, and my father had ſo firmly engaged me to Mr. Aulange, his addreſſes were of courſe refuſed, and little thought of by either of us.

"The earl had been for ſome time in Northumberland, whither he went to inſpect an eſtate, that he had lately purchaſed. At his return he took me with him to London, to which place my couſin quickly followed. In vain I ſtrove to perſuade my father, to allow me to refuſe him.

He

He told me, that his word was given; and I well knew how unalterable he was, when once he had ſaid a thing: as my couſin was young, rich, and tolerably handſome, he added, he could not ſee what objection, I could poſſibly have to him. He then aſked me, whether I had ſeen any other gentleman, to whom I gave a preference: was the marquis of Monceath more agreeable to me? I replied in the negative, aſſuring him, that, at preſent, all men were alike to me, and I only wiſhed not to be yet hurried into marriage.

'Well, Selina,' he returned, 'ſince you really have no other preference, there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe, that you may not hereafter approve Mr. Aulange. Strive to think well of him; ſee his good qualities in their proper light, and his defects through as favourable a medium as you can. Remember,

member, you are not yourſelf faultleſs: imperfections, to which, as a lover, he may be now blind, as a huſband he may ſee clearly: and a prudent woman ſhould be as careful not to tyrannize over her lover, as fearful of doing ſo when he becomes her huſband; for, depend on it, that ſhe, who before marriage exerts an undue influence, and tries to convince the world, in what ſubjection ſhe has the man to whom ſhe intends to give her hand, is at beſt a bad politician; for, the faſcination of paſſion once over, he reflects how indiſſolubly they are united, in turn becomes the tyrant, and gives her hourly reaſon to regret the former treatment of him.'

"I found it was in vain I tried to intereſt my father for me; he was too inflexible to be perſuaded, and I was obliged, at leaſt, to appear content. Among the moſt intimate

mate of my friends was lady Emma Delby, only daughter and heireſs to the earl of Maltby. She, like me, was motherleſs. We were ſeldom apart: not a day paſſed but ſhe was in St. James's-ſquare, or I at her father's. My affairs with my couſin went on as uſual: he was of all our parties, and took care to let the world know upon what footing he ſtood. I ſaw reſiſtance was vain; I could not contend with a power, to which I was obliged to ſubmit, and only when in private, with my friend, deplored my fate.

" It was within two months of the time appointed for my nuptials, when I was introduced by lady Emma to her couſin, captain Manley, an officer juſt arrived from Germany, for whoſe ſafety I had frequently heard her expreſs much anxiety. He was genteel in his perſon, inſinuating in his addreſs:

dreſs: his manners were refined and elegant; his countenance manly and open; his language, or rather his ſtyle of expreſſion, gentle and perſuaſive, and altogether ſo faſcinating, that he attracted attention, and demanded admiration. I had not been often in his company, before I ſaw his attentions were particularly directed to me, at which, as he knew my engagements with Mr. Aulange, I was much ſurprized. The preference of ſuch a man was too flattering to be contemned, and I ſoon felt a pleaſure in receiving proofs of it, which at times gave me pain to reflect on: yet, too young to ſuffer prudence to guide me, inſtead of conſidering the circumſtances, by which I was fettered, I inwardly rejoiced to think, that his heart felt the ſame ſenſation for me, mine experienced for him.

" The

" The world had already given him to his couſin, and, as they were always together, it was a very natural concluſion. This ſuppoſed attachment on their part, which had no other foundation than a ſtrong friendſhip, gave us numberleſs opportunities of meeting; and no ſuſpicion ariſing in the breaſt of any one, that there was any thing like a partiality ſubſiſting between the captain and myſelf, no objections were raiſed to them. My father often wondered, that a man ſo prudent as lord Maltby ſhould encourage this attachment, as the captain, it was pretty well known, had diſſipated a handſome paternal eſtate; as the lover of lady Emma, however, he was always welcome at our houſe, and ſhe ſeldom came unattended by him.

" The idea of my couſin, always unpleaſant, now became terrible: I thought of

of my approaching union with horrour and diſguſt; and my heart ſickened at the reflection of being condemned, to paſs my life with a man, for whom I had no regard, and to give up another, for whom I felt the warmeſt affection.

"My friend and I often talked this matter over. She perſuaded me, to throw myſelf upon my couſin's generoſity, for an emancipation from the fetters my friends were forging for me. Several times, when we were alone, did I attempt to ſtart the ſubject; but I could not conquer the trepidation and dread, with which I was ſeized, when the idea of this abhorred marriage came acroſs me.

"At this juncture a violent fever, with which Mr. Aulange was ſeized, gave me a ſhort reſpite, and occaſioned our union being poſtponed. During the time of his illneſs

illneſs captain Manley was our conſtant viſitor; but as he generally came accompanied by lady Emma, my father did not take much notice of the frequency of his viſits, placing them to her account. To the world, however, they appeared differently; I was ſoon declared, to have become the rival of my friend, and was frequently rallied on the ſubject, even in the preſence of my father.

"I have been ready to ſink at theſe inſinuations, and tried all I could, to ſuppreſs the idea by contradiction.

"Here let me pauſe:—the memory of the paſt ſuffuſes my cheek with the bluſh of ſhame. The firſt ſtep to diſobedience, on my part, was a deviation from truth; and every advance I now made led me farther into the paths of duplicity. Rapid is the progreſs of errour; or, ſhould I, ſo young,

young, and till then ſo artleſs, have ſought to have deceived a fond father, whoſe only wiſhes were for my happineſs?

"The attentions of captain Manley, however, were now ſo openly paid, and the world began to talk ſo loudly, that the earl at length caught the alarm. Calling me one morning into his ſtudy, he ſaid, with a very ſerious countenance, 'I have with pain, Selina, obſerved the conduct of captain Manley and yourſelf: it has at length conſtrained me to ſpeak to you as openly, as I have this morning written to him. He can be no ſtranger to the nature of your engagements with Aulange. You, too, muſt know how improper, not to ſay how indelicate, it is for a woman, to encourage one man, while under engagements to another. Were it otherwiſe, Manley would not be the man I ſhould approve

for

for a ſon-in-law: it is true, he is of a good family, and once had a handſome fortune; but the gaming-table, to which I am informed he is ſtrongly attached, has left him little beſide his commiſſion. You have nothing, which you are certain of poſſeſſing, but your mother's jointure; and this is very ſmall, as it was her guardian's opinion, that a woman ſhould not be made too independent of her huſband. This is all you can call your own, except the little annuity you poſſeſs from your aunt; upon me you muſt depend for any farther addition. I will not ſuppoſe you have given the captain any encouragement; I will not ſuppoſe you could act ſo diſhonourably; but, that you may eſcape falling into errour, I will warn you of your fate, ſhould you boldly ruſh into it. Mark me well, Selina; you know I am poſitive, and, when once determined,

unalter-

unalterable. If you chooſe to throw yourſelf away without my conſent, you are no longer my child, and my heavieſt reſentment will follow you.—I aſk,' for I was about to reply, 'I aſk you not for an explanation of the nature of your acquaintance with captain Manley: if you have deceived me,' (and he looked at me with ſuch ſternneſs, that I trembled from head to foot) 'the conſequence muſt remain with yourſelf: I will not imagine a child of mine could be ſo undutiful, could conduct herſelf ſo diſhonourably.'

"He then quitted the ſtudy. For ſome minutes I ſat without being conſcious I was alone: the ſeverity of his manner, the ſternneſs of his countenance, intimidated me ſo much, that I could ſcarcely tell where I was. Never had I ſeen his aſpect ſo full of diſpleaſure. I was ſure, by his addreſs, that he

he knew more of my ſituation with captain Manley, than he appeared willing to ſeem to know. A thouſand diſtracting thoughts and apprehenſions took poſſeſſion of me. The diſſimulation of which I was guilty, and the dread of diſcovery, combined to make me wretched. I wept bitterly. Once I reſolved, to throw myſelf at his feet; inform him of the whole affair, and truſt to his paternal affection for my pardon; but the knowledge of his inflexibility, and his declaration of reſentment, ſhould I have acted improperly, prevented me. Oh! had I been guided by this impulſe, I might have ſaved myſelf a world of miſery; I might ſtill have been bleſſed in the affections of my father: but, fooliſh, young, and inconſiderate, I was fearful of truſting to the prudence of my parent for an extrication from my difficulties, while I applied to one as young, as

ignorant as myſelf; one, whoſe ſiſterly affection for her relation made her blind to his imprudencies, and forward to promote any ſcheme, that would contribute to his gratification. To her I unboſomed myſelf, and from her reaped the moſt dangerous of all counſel, namely, to ſlight the advice of a parent, and throw myſelf into the arms of my lover. Manley had ſpent the preceding evening with us, and had extorted from me a promiſe to marry him; yet, diſobedient as I was, I reſiſted the advice of my friend; reſolved, that nothing but the laſt exigence ſhould induce me, to take a ſtep of that kind; and, hating myſelf for the duplicity of my conduct, inwardly reſolved to inform my father of my folly.

" I got but little reſt this night, yet held my reſolution of ſpeaking to the earl. Unfortunately for me, he had engaged himſelf

to

to breakfaſt with Mr. Aulange, who was now ſo far recovered, as again to be preſſing for an early day, and they were to meet this morning to conclude upon ſettlements. I thus loſt an opportunity of ſpeaking to him, which, had I obtained it, would moſt probably have ſaved all the dreadful conſequences that enſued.

"As I was dreſſing, a note was brought me from lady Emma, entreating my company as ſoon as poſſible, my father not having prohibited my viſiting at lord Maltby's. I went as ſoon as my dreſs was completed, and was uſhered into the drawing-room, where the only perſon viſible was captain Manley.

"I would have retired; for at that moment the recollection of my father's diſpleaſure was uppermoſt in my mind, and, not farther to have incurred it, I would

willingly have avoided my lover. He prevented my withdrawing, however, by taking my hand, and leading me to a ſeat, next to which he ſat down. He then drew from his pocket my father's letter, ſaying, 'Excuſe me, lady Selina, that, to ſee you, to converſe with you, I am obliged to be indebted to my friends, and practiſe a trifling deceit upon you. This,' giving me the letter, 'for ever interdicts any future meeting between us. Can I, dear lady Selina, can I ſo eaſily relinquiſh hopes, which only make life deſirable to me?'

"I was about to riſe, when he continued; 'Oh do not fly from me! hear me but this once! it is, you ſee it muſt be, for the laſt time! Suffer me, then, this once, to aſſure you of my attachment; of the conſtancy, of the firmneſs of my affection. Give me but the ſame aſſurance. Do

not

not you be leſs firm than myſelf. Oh do not, dear lady Selina, do not be perſuaded to give me up! do not devote me to wretchedneſs! give me but the moſt diſtant proſpect, that you will be mine, that you will not withdraw your ſo lately given promiſe, and you will beſtow eaſe on a heart tortured beyond imagination!' On this ſubject he entertained me for a conſiderable length of time, offering to prove the ſtrength of his attachment, at the expence of all that was dear to him.

" Who can combat the arguments of a lover? The pleaſure I received in his company, in his converſation, made me forget all the good reſolutions I had formed: every prudential idea vaniſhed before love: yet, pleaſed, happy, as the declaration of his attachment, of his conſtancy, made me, I was not yet quite loſt to what

was due to myſelf, when, in the moſt perſuaſive language, he entreated me to truſt myſelf to his protection; alleging, that I was juſtified in removing myſelf from a man whom I deteſted, and confiding in one who adored me, and who, he hoped, was not indifferent to me. He then obliquely hinted at a journey to the north.

"Thunderſtruck at this requeſt, I angrily and poſitively refuſed my conſent; ſaying, that however culpable I was in liſtening to a man, whoſe addreſſes were not ſanctioned by my father's concurrence, I yet could not think of taking a ſtep of this kind: 'I dare not ſo far throw off parental authority, as to act in direct defiance of it, and commit an action, which would for ever ſtamp my character with indelicacy.' Saying this, I roſe to quit him. He ſaw my anger, and, throwing himſelf at my feet,

beſought me not to leave him, in the moſt ſubmiſſive terms deprecated my wrath, and as humbly ſolicited my pardon.

"Oh! at this critical period of my life, had I been firm in my diſpleaſure, had I but then left captain Manley, what ſhould I not have been ſpared! but, ſoftened by his humility and apparent ſorrow, I again liſtened to him, again heard him repeat profeſſions of everlaſting attachment, and again, overcome by his ſophiſtry, I bluſh while I write it, renewed my promiſe never to be another's.

"We were together more than two hours; and ſo well did he uſe them, that he obtained my permiſſion to correſpond with me.

"Here let me pauſe again for a moment, to reflect how errours multiply, and of how many one is the cauſe. Of what meanneſſes does not diſſimulation render us

guilty? A fatal infatuation made me precipitate myſelf into miſery. Won by arguments I could neither combat nor withſtand, and unable to reſiſt the pleadings of a lover too agreeable to me, I broke the commands of a parent, and threw off the ties of parental authority. But not all the pleaſure I felt in knowing myſelf beloved, in enjoying the company of the man my heart approved, could now make me cheerful. A ſenſe of reproach for the treacherous part I was acting toward my father took poſſeſſion of me, and the dread of diſcovery, ever attached to guilt, made me wretched. For the firſt time in my life I was glad to leave my lover, and without having ſeen, or ſcarcely aſked after, my friend, returned home, vainly imagining, that, by quitting the houſe, I ſhould loſe the reflections, which now tortured me.

" Yet

" Yet at home I had no relief from my thoughts: the occurrences of the morning returned to my mind with double force: I felt ſelf-condemned and humbled in my own opinion: I had diſregarded the commands of my father, and was acting in open defiance of them. From myſelf I could derive no comfort; my mind had no palliative to offer. Every way I turned I was miſerable; and much as in the morning I wiſhed to make the earl acquainted with my conduct, I did not now dare to think of it; for, deeper and deeper involved in the labyrinth of diſſimulation, I was fearful even of encountering the eye of him I had ſo deceived. Thus ſelf-reproached, and ſelf-tormented, I could no where find refuge from thought.

" I roſe unrefreſhed to meet the earl at breakfaſt; where, to aggravate the miſery

I already endured, he told me, he had ſo far ſettled every thing relative to my marriage, that he had agreed to give my hand within a month to my couſin. In vain I conjured him to deſiſt from the cruel purpoſe; I entreated him, for once, to break his determination, and not force me into an union againſt my inclination; but he was inſenſible to all I could ſay. I then entreated for ſtill longer time; and even here I was diſappointed. He told me to ſubmit: that he was acting ſo as to procure my felicity, and if I followed his inclinations I ſhould be happy, even in ſpite of myſelf. My uncle and aunt were to come to town purpoſely to be preſent at my nuptials.

" This was indeed cruel intelligence. I well knew the haughty, overbearing diſpoſition of lady Aulange would rather ſtrengthen than ſoften the earl's inflexibility:

lity: her fondneſs for her ſon would make her deaf to all I could ſay. I ſaw, that, without ſome exertion on my own part, I muſt indeed be the victim of parental authority.

" In the evening of this day I received a letter from my lover, filled with aſſurances of the moſt tender regard, and entreating me not to give him up; aſſuring me, that he ſhould at all times receive me with rapture; and that, if I would but condeſcend to be his, no wiſh of my heart ſhould remain ungratified, while he had life or ability to ſatisfy it. He begged me to conſider, that if, in compliance with the cruel inflexibility of my friends, I ſhould ſuffer myſelf to be hurried into a marriage with Mr. Aulange, no exertion then could relieve me; but if, when driven to the laſt extremity, I would condeſcend to make him my

refuge, his arms, his heart, his whole life ſhould be devoted to my ſervice, to protect me from oppreſſion, and guard me from danger.

" Agitated and diſtreſſed at the intelligence of the morning, I inſtantly anſwered his letter. I informed him of the converſation at breakfaſt, of my fears from my aunt, and the dread I felt of having no alternative but a marriage with my couſin left me. I added, that, as far as depended on myſelf, he had nothing to fear; but, perſecuted on all ſides, I ſhould probably be dragged to the altar, without being ſuffered to have a negative voice. Of the other parts of his letter I took no notice; for, though even then I ſhuddered at the idea of a runaway marriage, I began to conſider it as the only alternative left me, and feared, that in the end I muſt adopt the

very meaſure I condemned; ſtill, however, willing to make one more effort, I reſolved upon throwing myſelf on the generoſity of my couſin, and truſting to that to relieve me from my difficulties.

" In the evening he made his appearance, and again renewed his addreſſes; congratulating himſelf, that things were now ſo far ſettled, as to give him hopes, that a few weeks would give him a wife, who would be the glory and pride of his life. I now ſummoned courage to ſpeak to him. I begged him, in the moſt urgent manner, if he had any feeling, any generoſity, to withdraw his addreſſes; and aſſured him they were diſagreeable to me; that I was about being hurried into an engagement, in which my heart took no part. At the ſame time I frankly told him, it had attachments elſewhere, and that an union between

us could only make us both miſerable. He heard me with the utmoſt coolneſs; told me, he was ſorry he had not been fortunate enough to inſpire me with ſentiments of eſteem for him, but he ſtill truſted, that time and aſſiduity would work wonders in his favour. I muſt forgive him, he ſaid, if he declared, he could not be prevailed on, no not even by the confeſſion of a preference to another, to give up the hopes in which he had ſo long lived. He would ſtill hope, that I ſhould meet him at the altar with leſs reluctance, than I now imagined; and, once his, he did not doubt but we ſhould be happier than even he expected.

" Thus, then, devoid of hope from the generoſity of one man, and confiding on that of another, behold me entered into a clandeſtine correſpondence, which I was forced

forced to carry on through the medium of a ſervant; thus putting myſelf into the power of a hireling, and deſtroying at once the barrier betwixt us; for I too often found, that I muſt tamely ſubmit to impertinencies, which I dared not to repreſs, from the fear of being betrayed to my father. How ſoon do we forfeit the reſpect due to us from inferiours, if we be not ſolicitous to keep up the diſtance between us! This is a truth I often felt, and ſecretly acknowledged: this woman, who was once ſo ſervile and humble, no ſooner found herſelf in my confidence, and neceſſary to me, but ſhe took every opportunity of ſhowing her importance by impertinently intruding her advice.

"My aunt and uncle came to town the following week; and as ſhe now conſidered me as her ſon's wife, ſhe treated me with

reſpect

reſpect and attention. The choice of my clothes and jewels was left to her. About them, or any thing that concerned this dreaded marriage, I was indifferent: not all the finery, all the ſplendour, with which I was and ſhould be ſurrounded, had charms for me, or could, for one inſtant, call my thoughts from the miſeries, with which I was oppreſſed.

" The dreadful day was now within a week of it's arrival, when a letter I received from captain Manley made me hazard every thing for an interview with him. To effect this, I was obliged to have recourſe to my maid; who, alas! was under the neceſſity of letting her ſiſter into my ſecret, at whoſe houſe, in Mount-ſtreet, we were to meet. You now, my dear girls, ſee how progreſſively we arrive at the height of miſconduct, when once our

feet

feet purſue the path. Had I not, in one inſtance, diſobeyed my father, I ſhould never have been reduced to ſubmit to the meanneſſes, of which I was every day guilty, and to lay myſelf open to the cenſures of people, whom fortune had placed at ſuch a diſtance from me. I was now in the power of two perſons, whoſe ſecrecy I was obliged to purchaſe, and no longer than while I was making preſents had I a hope of it's being preſerved.

" Captain Manley was true to his appointment: one meeting produced another, and, oh bluſh for me, my dear girls! I promiſed to meet him, on the following day, at the ſame place, to accompany him to the north. I cannot even now comment upon the feelings, which then agitated my diſtracted mind: they were viſible in my countenance, but little or no notice was taken

of

of my emotion, it being aſcribed to my repugnance to the match with my couſin. I know not how I ſupported myſelf through this eventful day: indeed the conflict of my mind was beyond deſcription; the conſciouſneſs of acting unworthily, my duplicity, and, above all, my promiſe for the next day, were altogether too much almoſt to ſuſtain.

"With great difficulty I bore up and ſtruggled with the feelings, that oppreſſed me. To add ſtill farther to my diſtreſs, my father, juſt as we were retiring for the night, called me to him. After telling me, that every thing was ready for the ſolemnization of the ceremony, he proceeded to inform me, that he had engaged to give me a dowry of thirty thouſand pounds; but, as the lawyers were dilatory, and ſettlements took ſome time to engroſs, he ſhould content himſelf with taking a bond from Mr. Aulange,

Aulange, to entitle me to a juſt ſettlement: and he added, that, as when I was a wife I might not like to apply to my huſband for every trifling want I might feel; and as I muſt at any rate wait a quarter of a year, before I could reap any benefit from the ſettlement made on me, that I might not be ſenſible of any inconvenience, that could ariſe from the want of caſh, he ſhould preſent me with a note, which would anſwer any trifling exigence. He then put into my hands a bank bill of a thouſand pounds.

" Overcome with this proof of his care and attention to my external comforts, I ſat almoſt annihilated, till the tide of conflicting paſſions could no longer be ſuppreſſed. I burſt into an agony of tears. For ſome time my father ſoothed and comforted me, and tried every means but that, which would have proved moſt effectual, to calm the diſorder of my ſpirits. Seeing how much

he

he was affected by my tears, I thought this the only time to plead my ſuit. Struggling for ſome degree of compoſure, I threw myſelf at his feet, and, claſping his knees, beſought him not to ſacrifice his child to a man ſhe abhorred. I intreated him, in this one inſtance to ſpare me; in every other I would unreluctantly obey him. I offered to live ſingle, to give up all my affections to his guidance, provided he would deliver me from this worſt of deaths: but, alas! no prayers, no entreaties, could influence him: all the anſwer I obtained, was, 'Go, go, leave me, Selina: remember, my word is given; I muſt not, I will not recal it.' While he pronounced theſe words, he averted his face, as if fearful of truſting himſelf with the ſight of my diſtreſs: then, aſſuming an air of ſeverity, he, the next inſtant, threw me from him, indignantly ſaying, 'Go, madam; I am not

to

to be ſoftened by theſe womaniſh arts: my reſolutions are not to be ſhaken: I ſhall not alter intentions, which have prudence and propriety for their baſis, to gratify the caprice of a ſilly girl.'

"He would then have left the room; but, with hands and eyes lifted up, the tears ſtreaming in torrents down my cheeks, I ſtill implored him to ſave me. Deſpair made me bold; with a frantic deſperation of manner, that frightened him, I kept my arm claſped round his knees, crawling on mine as he eſſayed to diſengage himſelf from me, and to quit the room.

"At length he releaſed himſelf from my hold, and, lifting me from the ground, he placed me in a chair, and with a ſeverity of voice and manner, that at once convinced me how little I had to hope, ſaid, 'I am ſhocked, to ſee you thus expoſe yourſelf: my

my fears lead me to imagine, that ſome other cauſe, greater than mere diſlike to your couſin, is the reaſon of this violent emotion. Selina, ſpeak this inſtant; tell me, what am I to judge from this uncommon agitation? if,' and here his look, his accent, were ſo awfully terrible, that I dared not even lift up my head, 'if you have done any thing, if you have betrayed yourſelf into any promiſe, you are no longer my child; from this inſtant I have done with you for ever: but,' and he ſeemed almoſt breathleſs with agitation and expectation, 'tell me this moment, tell me what I am to conclude, by the apparent agony in which I ſee you.'

"The dreaded ſecret was at my mouth; I was about to reveal it; but the ſeverity of his looks, the anger I had to expect, the knowledge of his inflexibility, all conſpired

to

to prevent me: I covered my face with my hands, and could only articulate, 'Oh nothing, nothing, ſir! but do not, do not marry me to my couſin.' 'Then, madam,' he returned, with a great ſternneſs in his voice, 'if you have nothing but mere diſlike to your couſin, a diſlike which time and attention will ſoon conquer, ſhould you die the next moment after you became his wife, I would not recal my promiſe.'

"He then abruptly left the ſtudy. For ſome time I remained in the poſture in which he left me, ſo perfectly wretched, that I was unconſcious of what or where I was, and alive only to a ſenſe of miſery, which took from me the power of recollection, till a freſh ſhower of tears relieved me, when I began to reflect on what had paſſed. Yet unable to arrange my thoughts, ſo as to form any deciſive plan, I ſat in a

ſort

ſort of ſtupor for ſome hours: at length my agitation, in ſome degree, abated; I was fearful of the ſervants coming to the room, and then being expoſed to their remarks.

"As the morning dawned, the recollection of my promiſe to meet captain Manley ruſhed on my mind. After what had paſſed, I felt I dared not meet him. It was not yet too late to retract: I wrote therefore a few haſty lines, aſſuring him of the regret I felt for having given a promiſe, and then recalling it. I begged he would not judge unfavourably of me, or aſcribe that to caprice, which was the effect of wretchedneſs. I then told him, that though in a clandeſtine way I never could be his, if it would be any ſatisfaction to him, he might aſſure himſelf, I would never give my hand to another. I concluded with

conjuring

conjuring him, to think no more of one unworthy of him; but, ſeeking out a more deſerving object, I prayed ſhe might make him happier, than I ever could.

" This letter I ſent by my maid, deſiring, that ſhe would herſelf give it to captain Manley. Relieved by acting in this manner, I met my father at breakfaſt with more compoſure than I expected. I felt I was in the way to act right; and that feeling gave a calm to my mind, to which it had long been a ſtranger. Happy, happy had I been, had I perſevered in doing ſo! but, hurried on by imprudence and deſpair, I ſoon forfeited all pretenſions to that peace of mind, which is the reſult of obedience to a parent.

" During breakfaſt my father told me, though he did not know what judgment to form

form from my conduct on the preceding evening, yet, that I might have no reaſon to accuſe him with unkindneſs, and as he believed a little air would be of ſervice to me, he would undertake to poſtpone my marriage for another fortnight, during which time I ſhould go to a ſeat of his at Baldock: at the expiration of this time he expected I ſhould return, and with cheerfulneſs yield myſelf to the wiſhes of my friends. As a ſtill farther inducement to me to be dutiful, he would himſelf aſk my friend, lady Emma, to accompany me, provided I would promiſe not to ſee captain Manley. I gratefully aſſented to this propoſal, and inwardly reſolved, not to forfeit this indulgence, by any freſh miſconduct on my part. At the ſame time I intreated the earl, not to ſuffer my couſin to break in on our retirement; aſſuring

aſſuring him, that I would ſtrive to conquer my averſion to him, and endeavour to meet him on my return as I ought.

" When the ſervant returned, I aſked her what captain Manley ſaid. She gave me a letter from him, gently upbraiding me with caprice and inconſtancy, and filled with expreſſions of love and deſpair. He conjured me to give him five minutes converſation, at any place I would myſelf appoint; aſſured me of his wretchedneſs; and entreated, ſince he ſaw he had now nothing to expect, either from my love or my fortitude, that I would not diſappoint him in this laſt hope. I was grieved at his diſpleaſure, and melted at the account I both read and received from my maid of his grief and diſappointment; and, after much reflection, concluded, that, as I meant to take a final leave of him, there could be no harm in giving him the

meeting at Barnet. I diſpatched my ſervant with a note, mentioning the circumſtance of my leaving London; told him where I would ſee him; but deſired him to conſider it as a final interview, as after it we muſt meet no more.

"This was in effect the moſt imprudent ſtep I could have taken: had I left London without his knowledge; had I denied myſelf the pleaſure of my friend's company, who, though the perſon I beſt loved, was, of all others, the moſt improper for my companion, her extreme partiality to her couſin making her forgetful of what was due to her friends; had I but acted with firmneſs, in practiſing a little ſelf-denial; I ſhould ſtill have been happy in the love of a father: but, buoying myſelf up with the idea, that my own ſtrength of mind and reſolution were ſufficient to carry me

through

through this interview, by truſting too much, I was undone.

" Early the following morning, I received a note from lady Emma, excuſing herſelf from ſetting out with me; lord Maltby, having ſome buſineſs to execute which took him out of the way, had made a point of her calling upon ſome friends, ſo that ſhe muſt of neceſſity ſo far diſappoint me, as not to join me before I reached Barnet; at which place, if I choſe to diſmiſs my carriage, her uncle, who was going toward the north, would take us both to the priory.

" Fooliſh and credulous, I eaſily believed her; and, having mentioned it to my father, made the neceſſary arrangement. It occurred to me, that, in conſequence of the preſence of lord Maltby, I could not ſpeak with captain Manley, unleſs he con-

trived to be there at an earlier hour than my friend. Hoping this would be the caſe, I ſat out earlier than I at firſt intended, yet, anxious as I was for an interview with him, and much as I wiſhed to act ſo as to retain my father's affections, my heart ſunk as the carriage wheeled along. I felt, that, alone and unſupported, I ſhould be fearful of encountering one, who had ſuch ſtrength of argument, ſuch power of perſuaſion.

"As I drew near the inn, my emotion became ſo exceſſive, I could hardly ſupport myſelf. I alighted, and looked fearfully around me, in expectation of ſeeing my lover, but I was diſappointed. I ſaw no one whom I knew; gathering a little courage, I began to hope, that captain Manley was ſo far offended, as upon reflection, not to think it worth while to wait on one who had

had given ſuch proofs of caprice and inconſiſtency. Thus one moment wiſhing and hoping it was ſo, the next I became wretched from the reflection, that all was over betwixt us. I ſat down by the window of the room in a ſituation and frame of mind far from enviable. For near two hours I had no companion but my own thoughts, and they afforded no ſolace, no conſolation, to my woe-ſtricken heart. Our carriage then returned to London: as I ſaw it driving ſlowly on, an undeſcribable ſomething took poſſeſſion of me; I felt even then, as if I had loſt a friend, and followed it with my eyes, till they could no longer trace even the track of its wheels.

"It was hardly out of ſight, ere the door opened, and my maid announced captain Manley. At ſight of him all my trepidation, all my agitation returned. I felt ſick,

even to fainting; and probably ſhould have ſunk down, had he not caught me. I muſt paſs over the ſcene that enſued; every art that love, that eloquence, that paſſion could dictate, he uſed, to perſuade me to be his. For a long time I combated his arguments with all the ſtrength of reaſoning, and powers of reflection, I could muſter. But weak were any arguments in my power to employ againſt thoſe of a man, bent upon executing a favourite project. He ſaw the moment of returning kindneſs, watched his opportunity, and, before I had time for a ſecond reflection, hurried me into a chaiſe and four, which was in waiting to receive us. I was ſome miles on the road to the north, ere I had recollection ſufficient to know what I had done. But, alas! reflection came now too late: I ſaw all the miſery of the ſtep I had taken in

it's proper light; and, unable to juſtify to myſelf the conduct I had adopted, I ſunk into a ſilent kind of ſtupefaction, which for a length of time made me inſenſible even to the attention of the man, for whom I had forfeited my own and my parent's eſteem.

"No impediments aroſe, to impede this inauſpicious journey; every thing had been too well planned by my lover, to fear detection. We were ſoon at the deſired place, and were joined in marriage. In vain, after the performance of the ceremony, did I look for the congratulations of ſmiling friends, and the bleſſings of an indulgent parent. I had none to comfort me, none to look up to but him, with whom I had indiſſolubly connected my fate: Ah! could I expect a marriage to be bleſt, which was brought about through artifice and diſſimu-

lation; for which I had betrayed the confidence of a father, and broken every tie of filial duty and affection?

"Our journey back was quickly performed. I went to the priory, having parted with my huſband at Stevenage. He owned he had prevailed on lady Emma, not to accompany me, that he might have the greater opportunity of perſuading me to act in compliance to his wiſhes.

"On the day appointed at my firſt ſetting out, I returned to London, with my ſervant, who alone knew of my marriage. My father himſelf came to hand me out of the chaiſe. Think how I bore to look him in the face, when he affectionately welcomed me home, and, kiſſing me, ſaid, he was ſure I was come to be a good girl, and oblige him. Shame, confuſion, fear, dread, a thouſand conflicting paſſions, took poſſeſ-

ſion

ſion of me; I ſunk fainting into his arms: it was with difficulty I recovered. The diſorder of my ſpirits was attributed to fatigue; in conſideration of which my company was diſpenſed with, and I was left to the agony of my own thoughts. No language is adequate to deſcribe the tumult within my breaſt; all was anarchy and confuſion. I could not receive comfort even in a letter from my huſband, which, as uſual, was delivered through the medium of my ſervant.

"The time between this day and the next was paſſed in the endeavour to ſummon reſolution, to inform my father of my imprudence; but vain were my attempts; I could not even in idea approach him with the tale; and I ſaw the morning, I had ſo long dreaded, dawn, without having had the power of acquainting him with what I had

done. All ſtrength of mind, and activity of ſpirit had left me. A ſtupifying ſort of inſenſibility alone had poſſeſſion of me. More dead than alive, I ſuffered myſelf to be dreſſed, and was led, or rather dragged, to the drawing-room, where the biſhop of D—— was to perform the ceremony, a ſpecial licence having been procured. Pale, trembling, and agitated in the extreme, I could ſcarcely keep my ſeat; my heart ſeemed dead within me. To every thing around me I was inſenſible. Some drops were adminiſtered, which gave me a momentary relief; and at that inſtant my father, making a motion to the biſhop, laid hold of my hand, and led me forward, my couſin placing himſelf by my ſide. The ceremony commenced. I was for a while mechanically ſilent. I could not ſpeak; till, rouſed by the ſolemn tone of voice, in which

which the biſhop read the adjuration, it in an inſtant awakened all my faculties. The idea of what was going forward now ſtruck to my heart, and throwing myſelf on my knees, I exclaimed; 'I am already married.' Unable longer to command myſelf, I faintly uttered; 'O, do not, do not go on! I am already a wife;' and fainted away.

"To the ſcene that enſued I am a ſtranger; I was happily inſenſible to all that paſſed, nor did I recover myſelf ſufficiently to be thoroughly ſenſible of what was going forward till the next day, during which I ſaw no one but my maid, who was forbidden to anſwer any queſtions I might put to her.

"On the following day, my aunt made her appearance, and approaching the bed, which I was yet unable to quit, with her

uſual hauteur, and with the utmoſt ſternneſs, aſked me the meaning of the words I had dropped on the Thurſday. Though agitated to the greateſt degree, and almoſt overcome at ſight of her, I yet reflected, that I muſt now no longer deceive them; I could not now retract the ſtep I had taken, and it became abſolutely neceſſary, that they ſhould be fully informed of my imprudence. I therefore ſummoned up courage to explain the whole to her, after conjuring her to hear me with patience, and not to be too ſevere on my fault. She liſtened with attention to all I had to ſay. As I proceeded, I ſaw paſſion quiver on her lips, and ſhe evidently ſtruggled to command herſelf. But when I ſolicited her to be my advocate with my father, her rage could no longer be controlled. In loud and angry terms ſhe upbraided me

with

with the treacherous part I had acted; and told me, that ſhe ſhould no longer conſider me as related to her; that henceforward the very mention of my name would be hateful to her: and, ſo far from pleading for me to my father, if he forgave me, if he received or noticed me, after this flagrant breach of duty, all connexion between them ſhould ceaſe for ever. She added, that I deſerved all I ſhould meet; prognoſticated a long and bitter repentance to me; and informed me, that, at the earl's requeſt, ſhe had queſtioned my woman, and from her had ſuch a circumſtantial detail of my treachery, as convinced her, that my heart was, if poſſible, blacker than my crime. Though ſhe herſelf did not doubt of the truth of what the ſervant had ſaid, my father was unwilling to give implicit credit to the woman, and had commiſſioned

miſſioned her to obtain a confeſſion from my own mouth; which, ſince ſhe had gained, ſhe had nothing more to do, than inform me, that the doors of my father's houſe would be for ever ſhut againſt me, as well as her's, and thoſe of all my friends.

"She then left me in a ſituation too pitiable for deſcription. My mind was a perfect chaos; I knew not what to think, or how to act; one minute I reſolved to throw myſelf at the feet of my juſtly incenſed parent, deprecate his anger, and ſue for forgiveneſs. The next, I thought of ruſhing in among them, and accuſing their obſtinacy as the cauſe of my undoing. I was almoſt frantic. I deſpaired of being pardoned, and that deſpair almoſt reduced me to diſtraction. From theſe thoughts I was called, by the entrance of a ſervant, who

gave into my hand a note from my father. These were the memorable contents.

'You have deceived me, and ruined yourself; my house can no longer be open to you; leave it by Saturday; nor attempt again to see a parent you have so cruelly injured; and who, in his wrath, has suffered a heavy malediction to pass his lips against you.'

"Imagine what I felt upon receiving this deservedly cruel note. A father's curse! O, how the dreadful sound rung in my ears, and writhed round my heart! Every evil, with which I had been threatened, seemed light in comparison to this: even an union with Mr. Aulange would have been happiness compared to what I now felt. I knew the inflexibility of my father's character;

character; I knew the firmneſs of his determinations; and I felt, that, his malediction once uttered, he never would recall it. For three days after the receipt of this note, I was nearly at the brink of the grave. On the fourth, ill as I was, I prepared to quit a parent's houſe for ever.

"During this interval, my ſervant had informed captain Manley of all that had paſſed. From him I received a letter replete with affection, aſſuring me, that his arms, his heart, were open to receive me. He conjured me to forget the paſt, and look forward to years of happineſs with a man, whoſe whole ſtudy would be to promote my felicity. Soothed and conſoled by this letter, I ventured to admit hope to my boſom; and fondly flattered myſelf, that, when the earl ſaw how captain Manley conducted himſelf, he would forgive us.

"At

"At length the day and hour arrived, when the doors of my paternal home were for ever to be ſhut againſt me. A hackney coach was to convey me to my huſband, who himſelf would have fetched me, but I forbad it, leſt my father ſhould conſider it as a freſh inſult. When the ſervant brought word every thing was ready, it ſeemed like the mandate of death. In vain I attempted to riſe and follow her. A thouſand painful recollections forced their paſſage to my heart, and ruſhed to my tortured memory. I was chained as it were to my ſeat; I had not power to riſe. Involuntarily I caſt my eyes upon a portrait of my mother, which had been taken to oblige me, and which hung in my dreſſing room. It ſeemed to regard me with uncommon ſternneſs; in the agony with which my ſoul was oppreſſed, I could not help exclaiming, O! do not you curſe me! O, my mother, do not

not you too curſe your hapleſs child! My diſtreſs became almoſt inſupportable, and it was not till a conſiderable time had elapſed, that I could ſummon courage to leave the room.

"As I paſſed down ſtairs, and through the hall, a profound ſilence reigned. It ſeemed as if, by common conſent, I was already ſhunned by every one. Not a creature was viſible until I came to the ſtreet door. Here the porter, who had lived in the family from his childhood, ſtood waiting my approach. He was wiping his eyes, and, as I haſtily paſſed him, ſaid, 'God Almighty bleſs you, my dear young lady, and grant you happier days than the preſent!' To a heart loaded like mine with the weight of a parent's curſe, the ſound of a bleſſing on my devoted head was the ſweeteſt muſic that could charm my ears; it conveyed a ray of comfort to my boſom, to which it had

had long been a ſtranger. I could only ſay, 'and you too, Anthony:' for I felt as if I muſt not invoke the Almighty. How could I who had ſo groſsly offended my parent by my diſobedience, call upon our common Father? How could my lips, that dared not petition for myſelf, utter a petition for another?

"At length the coach drove away, and I was for ever denied acceſs to that houſe, in which I had been miſtreſs, in which I had reigned the darling of indulgent parents, the beloved of every heart; where my preſence ſerved only to promote ſcenes of mirth and feſtivity; and where, till the match with my couſin was propoſed, and I became acquainted with captain Manley, it had been the ſtudy of my father to promote my happineſs. None can tell, except thoſe who have experienced it, the ſenſations that a child,

a child, driven from the ſheltering arms and roof of a fond parent, feels! O! may you, my dear girls, never experience the bitterneſs of anguiſh I then felt. As the coach drove along, I ſeemed to ſuffer a total annihilation of ſoul and body. My heart was wrung with emotion, which I could neither ſuppreſs nor control; and, though going to the man I adored, and with whom I once fondly thought I ſhould know nothing but happineſs, I felt all was inſufficient to calm or give compoſure to my tortured heart. To have regained my father's love and confidence, even then I would have given up my deareſt hopes. But, alas! I was an outcaſt from my family, conſidered as a diſgrace to it, and held up to others as an example of treachery and diſobedience.

"My

"My huſband received me with rapture; but the pleaſure I felt in his careſſes was conſiderably allayed by the knowledge of may father's diſpleaſure, and the fear of having brought on his head the curſe ſo heavily inflicted on mine. All the joy I felt at being united to the object of my love, from whoſe preſent behaviour I augured the moſt flattering proſpects, could not reconcile me to myſelf.

"To give a freſh turn to my thoughts, and to remove me from a place, where I was under conſtant apprehenſions of ſeeing my father, captain Manley propoſed quitting London for the ſummer. To this I readily agreed; we took a genteel furniſhed houſe in the neighbourhood of Stanmore, whence I wrote to lady Emma, intreating her company, and giving her an account of all my proceedings. To my great ſurpriſe, inſtead

ſtead of receiving an anſwer from her lady-ſhip, I had one from her father, who interdicted all farther intercourſe betwixt us; ſaying, that he could not, as a parent, allow his daughter to viſit one, who by her conduct had ſet ſuch an example of imprudence; that although the man I had choſen was his relation, yet his countenancing us ſo far as to permit lady Emma to viſit us, would give the world room to ſuppoſe, that he had been privy to the buſineſs, and even ſanctioned it by his notice. Nevertheleſs, he added, as a friend, if I wiſhed it, he would try what influence he had with the earl, towards bringing about a reconciliation; that once effected, I ſhould be as free as ever to ſee my friend, who, he confeſſed, was much hurt at being forbidden to viſit me.

"This

"This letter at once ſhocked and pleaſed me. I found I was held up as an example of diſobedience, and ſhould be ſhunned by the prudent part of mankind. It pleaſed me, becauſe I knew my father had a great opinion of lord Maltby, and would be inclined to liſten to what he had to ſay. I cheriſhed, therefore, a hope, that his interference would be effectual, and I ſhould be reſtored to favour. His lordſhip's letter was quickly followed by one from lady Emma, who aſſured me, that ſhe had broken through all rules and orders to write to me: but, fearful that I ſhould eſteem her in no better light than a faſhionable friend, ſhe could not be eaſy till ſhe had aſſured me, that her love both for myſelf and her couſin was as ſtrong as ever, and that ſhe had no wiſh nearer her heart, than to be permitted to ſee me. She had, at times,

almoſt

almoſt brought over her father to conſent to her coming to Stanmore; but as he was yet unſucceſsful with the earl, he had not given a determined aſſent. Nevertheleſs, ſhe did not doubt, but ſhe ſhould ſoon ſurpriſe me with a viſit.

"This letter was a relief to me: I was pleaſed to find her friendſhip ſo ſteady; and, as I ſincerely loved her, her company would be as great an enjoyment as I could know. We were ſettled at Stanmore; for ſix months I was as happy as a woman could be, who, to gratify her own wiſhes, had wrung the heart of her parent with anguiſh. My huſband ſtill continued kind and affectionate, though I found him paſſionate and impatient of contradiction. I ſubmitted to his temper as well as I could, but have often left the room to weep. I reflected, however, that I had been the ar-

biter of my own fate, and had no one to upbraid but myſelf. In leſs than a twelve-month after I was married, you, my dear Emma, firſt ſaw the light. From your innocence all my happineſs was derived: how did I feel for my father, when I contemplated the features of your little ſmiling face! How did I pray Heaven to give you better feelings than your mother! Your father was delighted with you, and throughout the whole time of my confinement, he was every thing the tendereſt huſband could be. When, during this period, I was taken dangerouſly ill, how anxiouſly did he ſit whole nights by my bed-ſide himſelf, adminiſtering the medicines preſcribed for me! I own, in theſe moments, when receiving ſuch ſincere proofs of his affection, I forgot my father, I forgot his anger; I thought only of being reſtored to my huſ-

band and child, and as long as my diſorder continued, I felt far happier than I had ever yet been. O! had it pleaſed Heaven, to have taken me at that period, how many hours of heart-felt anguiſh had I been ſpared! But I bow my head with ſubmiſſion; I acknowledge my puniſhment is juſt; and have only to pray, that it may terminate with this life.

"Occupied by my new duty, and the extreme tenderneſs ſhown me by my huſband, every thing elſe was forgotten: and fondly flattering myſelf, that this ſunſhine would never be clouded, I felt aſſured of my father's having withdrawn his malediction. The very idea made me happy; but from this flattering dream of pleaſure I was ſoon awakened by a letter from lord Maltby, who aſſured me, that he had endeavoured all in his power to effect a reconciliation,

conciliation, but had not been ſo happy as to ſucceed, my father being more inexorable than ever.

" At the time this letter reached me, I was nurſing my child. O! thought I, if this dear innocent could plead for me, ſurely he would not be relentleſs; in pity to her helpleſs ſtate, he would not give up her mother to deſpair. Captain Manley came in, and, ſeeing my eyes red with weeping, inquired the cauſe. I put lord Maltby's letter into his hands: 'Let that inform you,' ſaid I. He read it with ſome degree of patience; though I ſaw paſſion working in every feature of his face. 'You are deceived,' ſaid he, after he had finiſhed reading it, 'if you think your father will ever forgive us; no, I am now convinced, that he is of too ſtubborn a diſpoſition, ever to retract what he has ſaid.' He then in-

veighed againſt him in the groſſeſt terms, and even gave him the moſt opprobrious names. I endeavoured to ſilence him, by declaring how painful it was to me, to hear a parent, and one that had formerly been ſo indulgent, ſpoken of in ſo harſh and diſreſpectful a manner. But my intreaty had no effect: from the father he deſcended to the daughter, and at length upbraided me with the very fault, which he had urged me to commit.

" Here let me ſtop to declare, that it is with infinite pain I bring forward to the view of his children the faults of their parent. I ſhould not upon any account do this, but for the motives which induced me to commit this melancholy narrative to paper, to warn them of the miſeries people entail on themſelves by a lapſe of duty; of the reproaches they muſt expect, and the

little

little regard that is paid to thoſe, who voluntarily throw off all dependence on a parent. I am fully convinced, that any ſtation in life, any trouble, however hard to encounter, and difficult to ſtruggle with, is ſoftened by the reflection of having acted conformably to the dictates of duty; while in the moſt ſplendid ſtations, the moſt flattering proſpects, there muſt be a damp, a ſomething wanted to complete our happineſs, if it be not ſanctioned by an internal conſciouſneſs of having acted rightly. This is the ſweeteſt feeling, of which the human heart can be ſenſible; and without our own approbation, without the ſilent conſent of approving conſcience, we can never be ſaid to taſte true felicity.

"After my huſband had ſufficiently vented his rage, he became calm, and at length, ſoftened by the tears which I ſhed,

and which flowed abundantly on the face of my child, as ſhe lay ſleeping on my lap, he came to me, and taking my hand, beſought me to overlook the behaviour I had juſt witneſſed, aſſured me how concerned he was at it, and aſcribed it ſolely to the pain he felt at ſeeing me deprived of thoſe comforts, to which, from my birth, I had been accuſtomed. 'For the ſake of our child,' he continued, 'I am anxious to be reconciled to your father. Ten thouſand things may happen to render her ſituation unpleaſant. I, you know, my love, am a ſoldier; and, whenever I am ſummoned to the field, muſt obey. On every account, therefore, I am anxious for a reconciliation. It would grieve me very ſincerely, to leave you and her unprotected, and that, if I were ordered away, muſt be the caſe. Beſides,'—here he pauſed, 'I have a reaſon; a ſtrong one.—

But

But of that another time; I will not anticipate evils; when they arrive, it is time enough to make ourſelves unhappy about them. As a ſoldier I muſt meet them with fortitude: and you, my Selina,' ſaid he, kiſſing my cheek, 'will not, I hope, ſhrink from trial, or be diſheartened in time of danger.' He then left the room, ſaying, in a ſerious, though theatrical tone,

"But come, it muſt, the day decreed by fate;
"How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates!
"The day, when thou imperial Troy muſt bend,
"And ſee thy warriors fall, thy glories end!"

"Struck to the heart by the whole of this ſcene, no wonder my mind dwelt on the evils my huſband anticipated. Already I ſaw the dreadful malediction of my father falling with full force on my devoted head.

Conjuring up in my imagination all the ills I ſo much dreaded, I ſnatched my child to my breaſt, ſaying, 'I will go to my father, I will myſelf ſolicit at his feet my pardon. He cannot ſpurn me from him with my infant at my breaſt; he will not curſe her, though ſo dreadfully he has curſed me.'

"Full of this determination I roſe, and, having ordered the carriage, without acquainting my huſband with my intention, ſet out with my maid and child for St. James's-ſquare. The deſpair with which I was ſeized ſupported my ſpirits, until we arrived near the houſe. My fears then began to predominate; I ſhook with terrour, every nerve was unſtrung, and my limbs were ſcarcely able to ſupport me.

"How I got into the houſe I know not; I can only remember the ſurpriſe viſible in the

the porter as I paſſed. I flew up ſtairs to the ſtudy, and, before the ſervant could announce me, was at the feet of my parent. His ſurpriſe, anger, love, every paſſion by turns contending for maſtery, all conſpiring, deprived him of the power of articulation; while I, now only alive to terrour, ſunk at his feet, conjuring him to revoke his curſe, and I ſhould be happy. Rouſed by the ſound of my voice, he raiſed his hand to ſtrike me. Scarcely able to ſupport myſelf before, I was now ſinking to the ground. The ſervant, who had followed me into the room, ſeeing by my countenance how it was, flew forward to aſſiſt me, and ſo quickly, that the blow deſigned for me, fell upon my child; for paſſion having triumphed over all other finer feelings, which my unexpected appearance had for a moment raiſed, he could

not repreſs it, and involuntarily lifted his hand againſt me. This falling on the wrong object, her loud, though pitiful and innocent cries, again drew his attention from me. Inſtantly recollecting himſelf, he looked at my infant, then on me: nature, at this inſtant, ſeemed to plead hard in my defence; but the obduracy of his character prevented this powerful interceſſor being heard.

"And are you a mother—undutiful girl? But may you'—'Stop, ſtop for mercy's ſake,' I cried in an agony of terrour; ſee, you have already nearly murdered my child, do not curſe her too; inhuman father! curſe not my infant; do not load her with the malediction you have entailed upon me!' The poor babe was ſcreaming all the time, I eſſayed to take her from the ſervant, and quiet her; but my own agi-

tation

tation was too great. The earl, fearful that ſhe was really hurt, rung his bell with violence, and forgetting every thing but his fright, ordered a ſurgeon to be ſent for, and the ſervant and child to be taken to another room.

"He then advanced to me; who, between agitation and terrour, could ſcarcely ſupport myſelf. 'You have done wrong, madam,' he coldly ſaid, 'in expoſing yourſelf and me to ſuch a ſcene as this. You have not promoted your cauſe, you may have injured it. For the preſent, conſidering you were *once* my child, the child of an adored wife'—here his voice faltered, and for a minute he could not proceed; but ſoon reſuming his ſternneſs, he continued, 'for her ſake I will not turn you out of doors, while you are thus indiſpoſed. I am ſorry, ſince you are a mother, that your

child is a daughter; had it been a boy, I would have taken care of it, but with girls I will have nothing to do; go, return to your huſband, tell him that your conduct has wrung the heart of an affectionate parent with anguiſh; aſk him, whether an undutiful daughter ever made an obedient wife; and then let him judge from your preceding conduct, what he has to expect from your future. You know, madam, that captain Manley has no fortune but his commiſſion; that he is gay, expenſive, and for your ſake I am ſorry to ſay, unprincipled: and yet, with this knowledge, you left the protection of a tender parent, whom you cruelly and wickedly deceived, to ſhare the viciſſitudes of life with this man. I cannot, if I would, revoke the curſe I entailed on you: it is regiſtered in Heaven. I am happy I did not extend it to your children;

dren; they, I hope, will be exempt from it's effects. You, I fear, will have puniſhments enough, without any ſorrow on their account. Go, go; now leave me, I have ſaid enough.'

"My father was now ſo evidently ſoftened, that the tears ran in large drops down his face. I thought this was my only opportunity, and once more flinging myſelf at his feet, and clinging to his knees, I conjured him to pardon me.

"I have ſaid,' he replied, 'that it is out of my power. I muſt never ſee you more; if I do, it will only draw on you a ſtill heavier malediction. Leave me, therefore, before the ſtorm of paſſion again falls on you; I would fain maſter myſelf.' Then, as if reſolving ſo to do, he ſaid, 'I leave you, madam, in poſſeſſion of this room: you will order your carriage and ſervants

when you are recovered. But I repeat it ſolemnly and decidedly, we muſt never meet again: from this day I ſhall take care to prevent your entrance into this or any houſe that I inhabit.'

"He then quitted the room, nor could my cries or tears detain him. At length, exhauſted by the violent emotions my ſpirits had ſuſtained, I fell againſt the ſopha, totally inſenſible to every thing around me, and alive only to a conſciouſneſs of wretchedneſs, that baffles deſcription.

"How long I ſhould have remained in this ſtate I know not, but the ſervant, ſurpriſed at my long abſence, and knowing the earl had left the room, came to me. She was ſhocked at my appearance; I ſat with my eyes fixed in a ſtupid kind of ſtare; the colour had forſaken my cheeks and lips, and my whole countenance betrayed

trayed the moſt dreadful diſorder of mind. She ſpoke to me ſeveral times; I had it not in my power to reply. For my life I could not have articulated a ſyllable; indeed I was hardly ſenſible, that ſhe was ſpeaking. At length ſhe became ſo alarmed, that ſhe called for help. The ſervants came flocking in; and more humane than their maſter, each offered ſome relief. Thinking that I was alarmed for my child, they aſſured me ſhe was well, and not in the leaſt hurt. They told me, that the earl himſelf had been to ſee her, and had expreſſed much pleaſure, at finding ſhe had not ſuffered by his paſſion. My ſenſes, feebly returning, were quite awakened by the ſound; and, though I had but a very imperfect knowledge of what was paſſing, yet I ſtill retained ſo much as to recollect, that her grandfather had ſeen her without

curſing

curſing her. Comforted by this thought, and having my child placed in my lap, I burſt into tears, which flowed for a conſiderable length of time without intermiſſion. At length they ſo far relieved me, that I was able to depart, after having been informed, that, as ſoon as the earl's fears had ſubſided on the child's account, he left the houſe, unwilling, I ſuppoſe, to be within the ſound of my prayers and entreaties.

" With a heavy heart I returned home, and met my huſband, who, not knowing where I had been, or what could induce me to go out in ſuch a hurry, was waiting my return with great anxiety. When I informed him of the ſtep I had taken, he was as one thunderſtruck. I however avoided mentioning the blow my poor child had received for me, as I was well convinced, had he known it, nothing would have prevented

vented his going himſelf to my father, and upbraiding him for it. The exertion and emotion, that I had undergone this eventful day, threw me into a fever, which for ſix weeks confined me to my room. During this time captain Manley was ſcarcely ever at home; and though he was at firſt attentive and anxious, while I was in danger, yet that fear had no ſooner ſubſided, than he was as gay, as unconcerned, as ever.

" It was in this interval, that I received a viſit from my friend, lady Emma, who had come, ſhe ſaid, by ſtealth; but as her father was appointed to an embaſſy to the court of Naples, and was going abroad, he meant to take her with him, and ſhe would not leave the kingdom without ſeeing me. Her company, which I enjoyed only four days, was a great ſolace to my mind: to

her

her I unboſomed myſelf, and felt ſome conſolation in depoſiting my troubles in her breaſt. She rallied her couſin upon his neglect of his wife, and, half ſerious, half laughing, told him, that he ought to prevent my feeling any ſlights, and by his behaviour compenſate for the loſs of friends, whoſe affection and confidence I had forfeited for him. At her departure we wept with unfeigned ſorrow in each other's arms: little did I think our parting was eternal.

"As the winter came on, my huſband expreſſed a wiſh to reſide in London, to which, with extreme reluctance, I conſented. He took an elegantly furniſhed houſe in Harley-ſtreet, where we received a great deal of what is termed the firſt company. Our houſe was open to the gay, the giddy, and the diſſipated: we were never without being engaged in parties at home or abroad;

and

and I ſoon learned to take pleaſure, not only in them, but in hearing myſelf praiſed and flattered. Among the moſt conſtant of our viſitors was the marquis of Monceath. His gallantries were the theme of every tongue; and to be ſeen with him, and noticed by him, was ſufficient to make any woman the faſhionable toaſt of the day. As his attentions were paid ſolely to me, as I was the object he ſtill ſingled out as moſt worthy his admiration, no wonder I became the faſhion. Young and inconſiderate, I felt my vanity gratified by this marked attention; and while my heart was wholly my huſband's, I underwent no anxiety reſpecting what the tongue of malice might ſay of my conduct with the marquis.

"My huſband had other purſuits, and we were now become ſo faſhionable a couple, as ſeldom to be ſeen together. The mar-

quis

quis was my beau on all occaſions: if I walked, he was at my ſide; if I rode, he accompanied me; if I danced, he was my partner: nor did I perceive any harm in his ſociety, till, in terms there was no miſtaking, he declared himſelf my lover. For a long while I affected not to underſtand him; but when, to gain his own point, he blackened the character of my huſband, lamented my union with him, and tried to convince me, that he had attachments elſewhere, I could not even pretend to miſunderſtand him. He ſoon taught me, that a woman neglected by her huſband lies open to the inſolent addreſs of every coxcomb; and he dared to affront my virtue by a propoſal, which made me ſhudder. Imprudent as I was, I could not brook ſuch an inſult: in angry and contemptuous terms I commanded him to leave the houſe, and never

never ſee me more. For a long while he entreated, implored, and beſought my pardon. I perſevered; and at length, ſtung to the quick by my ſarcaſtic reproaches, he ſwore I ſhould ſorely repent my conduct, and left me.

"He had not been gone more than an hour, before I received a letter from him, which I immediately returned unopened. Numberleſs were the ways he employed, and the means he purſued, to ſee me. I was firm in my determination, and reſolutely fixed not again to hold a minute's converſation with him. Fired at the reſoluteneſs of my conduct, he diſcontinued his viſits, and vowed his bittereſt revenge ſhould follow me; I ſeldom or never met him even in company, and in a ſhort time he was forgotten.

"My

"My husband and I continued the same style of living. The company we saw was elegant and expensive; I frequented all places of public resort, mixed with the multitude, and was the foremost in the throng of fashionable, giddy females, who have no thought beyond the present day, and are too much involved in dissipation, to fear for the future.

"I cannot pretend to exculpate myself; I cannot extenuate or gloss over a conduct, which exposed me to censure, and certainly hastened my fate. But, young, inconsiderate, and, alas! unhappy, almost forsaken by my husband, I was glad to go into company, to cover, by an outward appearance of gayety, feelings, which still rankled in my heart, and corrupted every joy. I therefore plunged deep into the vortex of dissipation, that I might lose the remembrance

of

of my troubles, troubles brought on me by my own miſconduct.

" Captain Manley, though of a temper inclined to jealouſy, had never prohibited my going into company without him; I therefore freely indulged myſelf, in partaking all the amuſements of the day. Sir Wilfrid Emans, a gentleman, who, ſince my rupture with the marquis, had particularly attached himſelf to me, preſented me with tickets for a maſquerade, which was to be held at the Pantheon. As they were given in a circle of intimates, moſt of whom intended going, I did not heſitate to receive them. Habited as a Circaſſian, I attended our party, which was large and cheerful. The lights, company, all contributed to heighten my ſpirits, and give an air of levity to my appearance, which was foreign to my heart.

" Of

" Of courſe I danced with ſir Wilfrid, who was a man of elegant appearance and dangerous manners. I complained of fatigue. We left the dance, and retired to a corner of the room little frequented. Here I ſat, for ſome time, heedleſsly attending to his converſation, with which I was not diſpleaſed. He had a great fund of wit; and though ſometimes inclined to be ſatirical, yet dreſſed his talent up in ſuch faſcinating words and manner, that it was impoſſible to avoid giving attention to him.

" For a long time I ſat maintaining a ſpirited argument with him, till at length, finding myſelf obſerved, which, from the privacy of our ſituation, and the apparent tenour of our diſcourſe, bore a ſuſpicious appearance, I propoſed going to the ſideboard. He accompanied me. As we advanced, I obſerved two maſks converſing together;

together; and, juſt as we came near them, I heard one aſk the other, whether he recollected the lady ſir Wilfrid Emans was attending: adding, 'I ſuppoſe it is a love affair, they affect ſuch a ſeparation from the company.' The other replied, 'Yes, yes, I know her well; it is lady Selina Manley, the runaway daughter of the earl of Delmore. I preſume,' continued the maſk, 'ſhe means to play the captain the ſame trick; for this looks not much unlike an aſſignation, and at aſſignations her ladyſhip is clever; as,' he added, laughing, 'ſhe ran away with the captain, not the captain with her.'

"Shocked and confounded as I was, at hearing this account of myſelf, I was reſolved to ſtop, and hear what might follow. The other vindicated my conduct, while my adverſary, ſo I muſt call him, pictured

me in ſo very contemptible a light, that with great difficulty I reſtrained my tears. Sir Wilfrid, overhearing part of their diſcourſe, and obſerving my agitation, would have drawn me from the ſide-board; but if curioſity before detained me, ſurprize, or ſomething more powerful, chained me to the ſpot, when I ſaw two other perſons advancing, who, that they might better take their refreſhments, unmaſked, and diſcovered to my aſtoniſhed view the faces of my father and aunt. They were in earneſt diſcourſe, which they ſtill continued.

'Did I not tell you, brother,' ſaid my aunt, 'ſhe would be here? and does not her conduct agree with what we have heard?' 'It does,' replied my father, ſighing heavily: 'alas! it convinces me of what I before doubted: ſhe has been imprudent, I allow; but I could never before perſuade

perſuade myſelf ſhe was vicious, or looſe in her conduct. Now, however, though I have hitherto diſbelieved the reports I have heard of her frequenting ſuch places unattended by her huſband, yet the lightneſs of her manners, her dreſs, and, above all, her accepting for a chaperon a man of ſuch libertine principles as her partner of to-night, plainly convince me, that ſhe is loſt even to the appearance of virtue.'

"My aunt's reply to this ſpeech was calculated to confirm my father in his opinion, not to apologize for his unhappy daughter. Although from the firſt ſight of them I with difficulty could command my feelings, yet, fearful of being known, and determined to ſubdue them, I ſtood at ſome diſtance, ſcreened from their ſight by one of the pillars, which ſupported the

gallery. Sir Wilfrid, too, ſtood cloſe by me, talking nonſenſe, to which I was too much occupied to attend. At length I heard my aunt ſay, ſhe thought captain Manley was moſt to be pitied, as my imprudence had drawn him to the gaming-table, where he ſpent every evening. 'You know,' ſhe added, 'they muſt be ſupported ſomehow: her annuity is inſufficient to maintain them, even in a prudent manner; and I am well aſſured, his pay was mortgaged, before he married. I ſuppoſe,' ſhe continued, 'that, as he is now a knight of the four aces, he has had a run of luck, which at preſent affords them the means of ſubſiſtence.'

"I was liſtening with great attention to what my father would reply, when ſome of the lamps, with which the pillars were decorated, gave way, and in their fall not only

ſtruck off my maſk, but grazed my face and neck. The loud and involuntary ſhriek I gave alarmed the company, and drew numbers to the place where I was; among the reſt the two I leaſt wiſhed to be eye-witneſſes of the ſcene which preſented itſelf, (for, alarmed by what had happened, I had fainted) and the firſt ſight that ſtruck my father was his daughter covered with blood, and ſupported in the arms of a man, whoſe libertine principles made him dreaded by all, who had any regard for their character.

"I was conveyed into an anti-room, my father, aunt, and ſir Wilfrid attending, and was ſpeedily recovered. When my eyes opened for the laſt time upon thoſe of a parent, whoſe countenance was expreſſive only of fury and contempt, he advanced fiercely, ſaying, that, for the ſake of his own and his family's honour, he ſhould ſo

ſar take charge of me, as to diſengage me from the company in which I then was; that his carriage and ſervants were in waiting, and ſhould convey me home to my huſband, to whom he inſiſted I ſhould inſtantly return.

" By this time the room began to fill, and it was every where reported, that the earl had detected me in making an aſſignation with a gentleman, but that I was ſo much frightened at ſeeing him, that I fainted. Unable to ſpeak, or even think, I was placed in the carriage, and conveyed home, where, as if the troubles of this eventful evening were never to have an end, I had ſcarcely been long enough to compoſe my thoughts, ere, to my great ſurprize, my huſband made his appearance, fire flaſhing from his eyes, and in a voice ſcarcely articulate commanded me to give

up

up the keys of my eſcrutoire. He added, that he was informed of my conduct, and of the great liberties I permitted from men, whoſe characters in regard to women were known to be infamous: that, as my huſband, it was his duty not only to prevent me from keeping improper company, but to preſerve his own honour from being ſullied: for this reaſon I muſt prepare to leave London the next day, as he did not chooſe to have the finger of ſcorn pointed at him, finding he was already famous for being the huſband of one of the moſt diſſipated women in town, and more known as lady Selina Manley's huſband, than as captain Manley.

"Taking my keys, he rummaged every drawer, and examined every letter and paper in my poſſeſſion; but not finding any thing to corroborate the ſuſpicions

under which he had made the ſearch, he returned tolerably cool, and ſaid, that, to convince me what he had advanced was true, he would ſhow me a letter, with which he had been favoured by an anonymous friend, who had informed him of my conduct, and in what an honourable corps his name was like to be enrolled. To prevent the latter, he had already taken ſuch meaſures, as would, he truſt, remove the poſſibility, at leaſt for the preſent, of a ſtep ſo degrading to both our characters.

" He then gave me the letter, on which I had no ſooner caſt my eye, than I knew it to be my aunt's writing. Shocked at this freſh proof of her malignity, I could hardly ſuppreſs my tears; but the charge ſhe adduced againſt me quite overcame me. She informed my huſband, that I was connected with a ſet of acquaintance, that would be

my

my ruin: that my conduct was ſuch, as to draw upon me the cenſure of the whole world: that I encouraged the devoirs of men, whoſe principles were inimical to virtue. In ſhort, ſhe repreſented me as the mereſt coquette in nature, and charged him to watch over my conduct, and prevent any diſgrace to himſelf.

"Though giddy and imprudent, my heart and inclinations were only my huſband's; nor did I ever for a moment encourage a hint derogatory to his honour. Brought up with the ſtricteſt regard to virtue, I had not ſo far forgotten the principles early inſtilled into my mind, or what was due to myſelf, as to ſuffer improper converſation from any man. It was true, I had been particularly noticed both by the marquis of Monceath and by ſir Wilfrid. The former I had forbidden acceſs to me,

I had carefully avoided, and ſhunned as a baſiliſk: while the latter was ſtill of all my parties, and conſtantly ſought occaſion to converſe with me; but, though he had many times affected to be upon a very intimate footing with me, yet he had never deviated from the moſt profound reſpect. I could not therefore ſuppoſe him to be the perſon alluded to; and for the marquis, I conceived the world was in general pretty well ſatisfied on that head. In vain I racked my brain for another: accuſtomed to the voice of adulation, and flattered by moſt gentlemen, I had not, however, received particular attention from any but the marquis and ſir Wilfrid; and had I entertained the moſt diſtant thought of their being ſtimulated by any other motive, than the natural inclination there is in all men to be attentive to a pretty woman, eſpecially one

in my ſituation, I ſhould not have encouraged their converſation as I did.

"To endeavour to juſtify myſelf to captain Manley I knew would be vain: he was alive only to the jealous doubts my aunt had raiſed, and every thing I could ſay to convince him would be uſeleſs. Reflecting therefore upon every circumſtance, I thought my ready compliance with his ſcheme would convince him more of my innocence, than all I could argue in it's defence. I own I was not without my regrets at leaving London, and I lamented the loſs of amuſements I had ſo long enjoyed; I looked forward, therefore, to our journey with ſadneſs, and I felt my heart ſicken at the thoughts of being torn from every one I knew, and carried I knew not whither.

"I was ready, however, at the appointed time, and, accompanied by my huſband, child, and ſervant, ſtepped into a coach. During our journey I ſeveral times aſked captain Manley to what part of the country he meant to take us: 'Time will ſhow,' was all the anſwer I could obtain. Thus we continued travelling for five days, by eaſy ſtages, as my huſband was fearful the child would ſuffer, if we poſted along with too much ſpeed.

"It was in a raw cold evening, at the latter end of January, that we arrived at our journey's end. The carriage drew, or rather dragged heavily up a very ſteep hill, and at length rattled over the ſtones of an immenſe court yard. As it moved the ſound vibrated on every ſide with the hoarſeſt diſſonance; the wind whiſtled round, and ruſhed through the apertures

with

with incredible fury. Nothing could appear more forlorn than did the entrance to this manſion, at the door of which ſtood an elderly man, whoſe jargon we did not underſtand, but, judging by ſigns, followed him through a long dark paſſage into a large old room, the only pleaſing thing in which was a good fire.

"Fatigued with my journey, and benumbed with cold as I was, I yet could not forbear noticing this apartment, which was truly gothic. The tables were of oak; the chairs high, with wicker backs; and the walls were hung with tapeſtry, which the hand of time had almoſt deprived of colour: in many places it hung in tatters, and appeared once to have repreſented the trial and ſufferings of our Saviour. Over the chimney-piece was a picture of the woman taken in adultery. The windows

were

were ſo far above the common height, as to make it neceſſary to ſtand upon the window-ſeat, before you could ſee any thing except the ſky out of them.

"The ſize of the room, the cold uncomfortable appearance of it altogether, ſhocked and diſtreſſed me. I could ſcarcely refrain from ſhedding tears; yet I ſo far commanded my feelings, as to aſk captain Manley, without any very perceptible emotion, if this were the place he had fixed on for our reſidence? A cool and contemptuous 'yes,' was all the anſwer I obtained. Seeing that he was not in a very good humour, I deſiſted from aſking queſtions. But taking the child from the ſervant, began to undreſs her, while ſhe went to look after the beds. She preſently returned, and with looks of amazement begged of me to ſee the chamber allotted for me, as

ſhe

ſhe was ſure I ſhould never be able to accommodate myſelf to it.

"I immediately roſe, and followed her; and if the room which had the appellation of parlour were bad, this was ten times worſe. The hangings were ſo torn and ſhattered, as in many places left the walls expoſed to view, and the chaſms which appeared in them, and through which the wind blew in eddies, made the room ſo cold that my teeth chattered in my head. The bedſtead had a dome teſter, and the hangings were crimſon damaſk; but they had ſuffered ſo much from time, as almoſt to forbid touching, leſt they ſhould fall to pieces. In ſhort, the furniture of the whole room appeared as if juſt taken from the lumber garret; and the wide open chimney, which boaſted no better ornament than dogs for the convenience of burning wood,

gave

gave to the whole the miſerable look of cheerleſs poverty.

"And is this,' ſaid I faintly, 'the apartment allotted me?"

"It is,' anſwered captain Manley, who had followed me up ſtairs, 'and be thankful your deſtiny has not made you acquainted with a worſe; it yet may; learn, therefore, to ſubmit with ſome degree of fortitude to trifling inconveniences, as you may find it abſolutely needful, when real ones aſſail you: think, therefore, that you are at preſent in poſſeſſion of comforts, nay luxuries, that may not be always attainable, even in the ſmall degree in which you ſeem to imagine you have them already.'

"I will try,' I replied, in an ironical tone of voice. And ſo kindly as you paint the neceſſity I ſhall have for fortitude, I will ſtudy it's leſſons, that, when the time arrives for

for them to be put into practice, I may not be found either an unſkilful ſtudent, or a novice in them.'

" My huſband rejoined, it was a ſtudy would amply repay me, as he feared I ſhould yet ſtand much in need of it.

" It was in vain I ſought for another chamber; this was evidently among the beſt in the building; and as the child's was adjoining, and was a tolerably good one, though very ſmall, I was obliged to be ſatisfied. Having, therefore, requeſted a fire to be lighted in it, I returned to the parlour, where the ſupper was already prepared, which, though homely, was far from unacceptable, as I was almoſt exhauſted with fatigue: determined, however, to make no more complaints, I endeavoured to appear ſatisfied, and, dreading the anticipated worſt, ſtrove to be content.

" The

"The next morning, when I came down, the breakfaſt I found was prepared in the ſame room, in which we had ſupped, and which looked even worſe than it did on the preceding evening, for the ſnow, having fallen very heavily during the night, had frozen againſt the windows, ſo that the room was almoſt dark, which gave a ſtill more ſombre appearance to this melancholy place.

"As ſoon as captain Manley joined me, he informed me, that he had ordered his carriage at eleven, as he then meant to return to London. All my endeavours at fortitude were now in vain: I was ſo ſhocked at this intelligence, and ſo much dreaded being left in this deſolate place, that, unable to control or contend with my feelings, I burſt into tears, and in terms of ſeverity reproached

reproached him with his injuſtice and cruelty.

" Stop, madam,' he returned coolly, ' call me neither unjuſt nor cruel; what I have done is the reſult of cool reaſoning, and determined reflection. I ſaw the line of conduct you were purſuing would end in my diſgrace: I therefore conſulted a friend what was beſt to be done; adding my firm reſolve, to take you from London. He offered me this caſtle, and himſelf wrote to the people that keep it, to prepare two or three of the beſt rooms for your reception. It is inhabited only by an old couple and their grand-daughter, the young girl whom you have ſeen. I believe they do not ſpeak, or even underſtand engliſh; you will, therefore, find ſome difficulty in making them comprehend your meaning:

but

but you will find them ready to attend and ſerve you in all neceſſary commands. The ſervant you have brought down will ſtay with you till after your lying-in. I ſhall endeavour to be down at that time; and, that you may not be in want of medical aſſiſtance, I ſhall myſelf ſee, and ſpeak to a profeſſional man in this neighbourhood, who will call on you occaſionally. I would adviſe you to be content with your ſituation: upon yourſelf depends the length of time you will be ſecluded from the world. I have brought your child with you out of kindneſs. This was far from my original intention, as I dreaded the effect of example upon her: had ſhe been older, I ſhould not have done ſo, but ſhe is yet too young, to be led away by an imprudent director. Seek no new acquaintances; keep

yourſelf

yourſelf retired. If I find you murmur at your ſituation, it will incenſe me ſo far, as to make me remove your child and myſelf to ſome place, where you ſhall neither ſee nor hear from us more. If, on the contrary, I find you ſubmit with patience, I ſhall extend my indulgencies.

" You do well, Sir,' I replied, ' to enjoin me to ſubmiſſion and patience; you know I muſt ſubmit; and for my own ſake I will be patient. Ah! had I not been an undutiful child to my parent, I had not been involved in theſe troubles: but go, ſir, return to your kind adviſer, and the gaming-table; and in your paſſions there loſe the remembrance of a wife, who, though thoughtleſs, was never vicious, though imprudent, never criminal.'

" Madam,' he returned, his eyes darting fury, ' your commands ſhall be obeyed;

and

and, as from the gaming table your extravagancies have, for theſe laſt ten months, been ſupplied, you have reaſon to be thankful, that I had ſuch a reſource.'

'Never, never,' I replied; 'I am not ſo far loſt to a ſenſe of ſhame, as to enjoy luxuries, which are only ſupported by the ſpoils of the unwary. I am not yet ſo contemptible a creature, as to connive at fraud, for the purpoſes of my pleaſures.'

"Very exalted notions truly,' anſwered he, ſmiling contemptuouſly, 'and henceforward you will have no temptations thrown in your way, to induce you to alter the rectitude of them. Plainneſs will now beſt become you in dreſs, as well as ſentiment; and as you have ſucceeded already ſo happily in adopting the latter, you will be right in not totally diſregarding the former. For the future I ſhall allow you only

only ſufficient for your maintenance, without one ſuperfluous article, and I ſhall expect you will uſe the utmoſt economy both in your table and clothes.'

"In diſcourſe of this kind we paſſed the time of breakfaſt; and at the hour appointed, captain Manley, without taking the ſlighteſt notice of me, after kiſſing his child, ſtepped into his chaiſe.

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTED BY BYE AND LAW, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE, CLERKENWELL.